shire, as pastor of the church. About 600 persons sat down. In the evening, a crowded public meeting was held in the chapel, John Crossley, Esq., presiding. On the platform were ministers belonging to most of the religious denominations in the town. The chairman opened the meeting with some very kind and appropriate remarks. The Rev. H. Dowson, Bradford, welcomed the Rev. J. Drew, on behalf of the church. The Rev. J. Drew made an interesting and impressive speech, in the course of which he gave a most satisfactory statement of his principles as a citizen, a Christian, and a minister of the Gospel. The Rev. James Pridie (senior Independent minister of Halifax) then offered prayer. Addresses were afterwards delivered by the Revs. J. P. Chown, Bradford (who addressed the church in a most faithful and affectionate spirit); J. J. Brown, Birmingham (who spoke as an old friend and neighbour of Mr. Drew); W. Roberts, Square; J. Makepeace, Bradford; and J. Michael, Pellon Lane.

Pershore, Worcestershire. — On Thursday, October 27th, meetings in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. W. Ashworth (late of Oldham) as pastor of the Baptist church and congregation meeting in Broad Street Chapel, in this town, were held, and numerously attended. In the afternoon, the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham, preached an excellent sermon to a crowded congregation, from 2 Peter i. 11. The Revs. T. James, of Studley, and W. Symonds, of Pershore, also took part in the service. At five o'clock, a tea-meeting was held in the new Music-hall, when 300 persons sat down to tea. The chair was occupied by H. Hudson, Esq., who opened the proceedings after tea in an appropriate and congratulatory address. Suitable and practical addresses were also given by the Revs. H. E. Von Sturmer, of Worcester; M. Philpin, of Alcester; J. Horne, of Evesham; and J. Phillips, of Astwood Bank; and after an affectionate address by the Rev. J. W. Ashworth, the thanks of the meeting to the chairman, for his services, were proposed by Mr. W. Salsbury, seconded by M. Philpin, and unanimously agreed to. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with evergreens, flowers, and appropriate mottoes.

Bathealton. — On Tuesday evening, October 11th, a public meeting was held at the Mission House belonging to R. Heywood, Esq., to bid farewell to the Rev. T. C. Finch, on his leaving this station. About 200 persons sat down to tea. Mr. C. Clark, of Argyle Street, occupied the chair, and in a few appropriate remarks introduced the object of the meeting, and called upon the Rev. Mr. Pooley, of Chipperham, to address the assembly. Mr. G. Bullock then rose, and in the name of the congregation presented Mr. Finch with a purse of twenty guineas, as an expression of their esteem. Mr. Finch, in acknowledging the testimonial, briefly referred to the circumstances of his coming to the village, and of his leaving it, reserving his parting address till Sunday evening. The Rev. W. H. Dyer next addressed the meeting, and expressed his deep regret at Mr. Finch's removal. Mr. John Mellish made some feeling remarks upon the painfulness of such a separation; and after some well-timed observations from the chairman on the responsibility of preachers and hearers, the meeting was closed with singing and prayer.

Hook Norton, Oxon. — A series of interesting services has been held in the Baptist chapel in the above place, in connection with the anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. Allen, B.A., as pastor of the church. On Sunday, Nov. 6th, two sermons were preached by the pastor. On the following Tuesday afternoon, after the usual introductory services by the Rev. G. St. Clair, of Banbury, the Rev. John Teall, of Woolwich, preached to an attentive and respectable audience, from Acts xi. 23. After the sermon, an excellent tea was provided. In the evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel. The meeting was numerously attended. The Rev. J. Allen occupied the chair, and expressed the gratification it afforded him and his friends to see so large a number present, both of speakers and hearers. The chairman then called in succession on the following gentlemen, who each gave an earnest, pithy, and practical address:—The Rev. F. F. Medcalf, of Middleton Cheney; the Rev. H. Hardin, of Towcester; the Rev. S. Hodges; the Rev. G. St. Clair; the Rev. W. Green; and the Rev. John Teall.

Sarratt, Herts. — A meeting was held on Wednesday evening, October 19th, in the Baptist chapel, Sarratt, to celebrate the eightieth birthday of its venerable minister, the Rev. George Warne. After a tea-meeting, the Rev. Dr. Steane took the chair, and introduced the subject of the evening. Mr. Warne then gave a brief sketch of his life; and addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Hands, W. A. Blake, H. C. Leonard, W. Omant, W. Fisk, T. Owen, and by Messrs. Freeth and C. J. Cole. There were also present the Revs. H. Ashbery, T. R. Stevenson, T. W. Wake, and W. D. Elliston. The chapel was crowded, and very hearty

congratulations offered to Mr. Warne, on his attaining such an advanced age, in the enjoyment of so much health and vigour. His life has been a very useful as well as a very long one; and he has been the founder of more than one important institution, such as Sunday and Ragged schools, which he was the means of establishing nearly sixty years ago.

MARY'S GATE, DERBY.—The recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. H. Crassweller, as pastor of Mary's Gate Chapel, Derby, took place on Lord's day, October 16th, and on the following Wednesday. On the Sunday, the pastor preached in the morning, and the Rev. R. B. Isaac, of Woolwich, preached in the evening. The congregations were large, and the services of considerable interest. On the Wednesday a very large tea-meeting was held, and about 400 sat down to tea. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, when the chair was taken by the Rev. H. Ollard, F.S.A., who opened the proceedings in an appropriate address. The Revs. W. Crosbie, R. B. Isaac, H. Crassweller, and Mr. G. Stevenson (the senior deacon of the church), also addressed the meeting. Special regret was expressed at the unavoidable absence of the Rev. J. Stevenson, the late esteemed pastor.

WATFORD.—On Monday, October 24th, very interesting services were held in the Baptist chapel, Watford, for the purpose of recognizing and welcoming the Rev. T. Peters (late of Kingsbridge) as pastor of the church. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, an admirable and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Vince. In the evening (after a public tea-meeting, which was well attended), the Rev. Dr. Angus took the chair, and addresses were delivered by him; by the Rev. C. Bailhache, the late pastor; the Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., of Boxmoor; the Rev. T. Peters; and by Mr. J. J. Smith, of Watford, and Mr. Heaton, of London. All the addresses were of a congratulatory character. The congregations, both in the afternoon and in the evening, were very gratifying.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—Mr. T. J. Malyon, student of Regent's Park College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become minister of the Union Chapel, Brockley Road, New Cross, and commenced his labours on the first Sabbath in October.—The Rev. T. H. Jones, of Tetbury, has accepted a very cordial and unanimous invitation from the Baptist church at Lydbrook, and has entered upon his labours there with encouraging prospects of success.—The Rev. C. H. Harcourt has resigned the charge of the Baptist church, Great Missenden, Bucks, Mrs. Harcourt's health requiring an immediate change to a warmer position. His present address is Stanton Villa, Hanwell, Middlesex.—The Rev. W. T. Osborne has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Earby-in-Craven, and has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church, Nelson-in-Marsden.—The Rev. John Myers, pastor of the Baptist chapel, Coniston, Lancashire, has accepted an invitation to become the minister of Thorpe Street Chapel, Leicester, and will commence his labours on the first Lord's day in December.—The Rev. Watson Dyson, of Long Sutton, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Measham, Derbyshire.—The Rev. S. Newnham, late of Barnstaple, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Salisbury, and intends to enter on his pastorate there the first Sunday in 1865.—The Rev. D. Sinclair has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Peterchurch, and removes to the church at Tenbury early in December.—The Rev. G. Malins, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Abbey Street Chapel, Dublin.—The Rev. J. G. Hall, of Rochdale, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church meeting at the Baptist chapel, Irwell-terrace, Bacup; and intends commencing his labours there on the first Sunday in January.—The Rev. F. Overbury, of King Stanley, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Warwick.—The Rev. J. C. Butterworth, A.M., has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at King Stanley, of which he was formerly the pastor.—The Rev. John Field, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church assembling in Bartholomew Street Chapel, Exeter.—The Rev. John B. Brasted has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church at Tetbury; and commenced his stated labours on Lord's day, November 20th.—The Rev. E. P. Williams, Cwmbran, has accepted the invitation of the church at Bethel, Bassalleg, Monmouthshire.—The Rev. J. P. Davies, late of Puncheston, Pembrokeshire, has accepted the unanimous invitation from the respective churches at Bethlehem and Salem, in the same county.—The Rev. C. Clark has resigned the pastorate at North Parade, Halifax, and has accepted the pastorate of the church at Maze Pond, London.—Mr. Isaac Bridge, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the

Baptist church worshipping in Union Chapel, Aldborough, Suffolk.—The Rev. Robert Kerr, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Montacute, Somersetshire.—The Rev. George Wright, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Brabourne, Kent.—The Rev. Thomas Thomason, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church meeting in Yates Street, Aston-road, Birmingham.

GENERAL

PAINFUL SCENE AT A FUNERAL NEAR PETERBOROUGH.—A few days ago, an extraordinary and painful scene took place at Woodstone, near Peterborough. The eldest son of Mr. Thomas Powell, a highly respectable farmer of the village, having died, his parents wished to have him buried in the pretty little churchyard of the parish. As a matter of courtesy, the Rev. A. Murray, Independent minister, to whose congregation Mr. Powell belonged, waited upon the Rev. J. Ellaby, the incumbent, and informed him that Mr. Powell was a strict Nonconformist, and objected to the use of some portions of the burial service. Subsequently Mr. Ellaby went with Mr. Powell himself to the churchyard, and chose a site for the grave, and no obstacle of any kind was anticipated. On Friday afternoon, when the funeral procession approached the churchyard, the grave was found prepared. Halting at the entrance, the corpse was placed on a chair, whilst the Rev. A. Murray read a simple service, such as Dissenters use on such occasions. His was so engaged when a messenger arrived with the intimation that the Rev. J. Ellaby was waiting in the church. A courteous reply was returned that the services of the clergyman would not be required, and a move was made towards the grave. Mr. Ellaby issued from the church, and declared in an excited manner that the corpse should not be buried there. Mr. Murray stepped on one side, and said, "You are aware, sir, we have the privilege of silent interment." "I do not care for your privileges," the incumbent replied, "I will throw you into the Ecclesiastical Court." He then left the churchyard, bidding the sexton stand by the grave. Meanwhile the afflicted mourners were looking on in a state of grief and perplexity, which may well be imagined. At last the father stepped forward, and said if no one would fill in the grave of his child he would do so himself. He took a spade for that purpose, but the sexton wrenched it by force out of his hand. A crowd had gathered round, and hootings and cries of "Shame" were raised, but Mr. Ellaby did not return, and without his authority the sexton would allow no one to touch the grave. Eventually the relatives reluctantly withdrew, leaving the body unburied. On the following day (Saturday) the grave was filled in by the incumbent's orders, but whether the Church burial-service was read over it or not our reporter has been unable to ascertain.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE great event of the past month has been the re-election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. The election, which took place on the 8th ult., had been anticipated in this country with much anxiety, chiefly because Mr. Lincoln is supposed now to be the representative of the political and religious feeling of the United States in opposition to slavery. After his re-election, slavery is doomed. For the information of some of our readers, we ought perhaps to state, that what has taken place this month is not the *actual* re-election of Mr. Lincoln, but the election of the "college," by whom, according to the constitution, the President is appointed. Out of 234 members of that "college," 213 are pledged to Mr. Lincoln, so that his appointment is absolutely secure. The *actual* election takes place in February next.

Next in importance to the election in America, is the ratification of the Treaty of Peace between Denmark and Germany. That ratification took place on the 16th ult.; and within a week or two, according to the Treaty, the Danish provinces will see the departure of the last Prussian soldier. A happy riddance, though at a heavy cost! Thus has ended one of the most cruel and unnecessary wars which have been seen in modern times. If nations suffer for their sins as much as individuals, Austria and Prussia will have a heavy penalty to pay. When the time for payment comes, not many will lend them sympathy.

At home, the great exciting question has been the guilt or innocence of Müller. Happily, the convict confessed his criminality at the last; had he not done so, many would have doubted whether, after all, the evidence was sufficient. Never surely did criminal maintain his reticence so long. With his last breath but one, standing on the scaffold, he said, "I am innocent;" with his last breath, as the bolt fell, he said, "I have done it!" Thus this poor wretch, who had "received the Sacrament" but an hour before, was launched into the presence of the Judge. It is worthy of remark that all the sympathy that was extended to a man who had committed so terrible a crime, arose really out of the fact that his punishment was death. Had the punishment been less than capital, Müller would have gone to his doom—as such a man should have done—without a sympathizer or a friend.

Of religious intelligence, there is little to record. Only the usual tales of "Clerical Intolerance," and of hard-hearted clergymen at the graveSides of dead Dissenters, fill the papers. We are glad to state that the friends of Church-rates have received another blow, in a distinct decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, that magistrates have no power to interfere where the rate is *bond fide* objected to on the ground of its legality. This decision, thus clearly given, must have important results. The discussion as to the Policy of Nonconformist Electors at the next election, has occupied much attention. Mr. Robinson's policy, as inaugurated at the Session of the Baptist Union, has received, we believe, the general approval of Baptists: in other circles doubts have been expressed. We ourselves have no doubts. Alike with dignity and propriety can Dissenters go to Parliament, and ask for *an Inquiry* as to the righteousness of the State-church system. Even an honest churchman ought not to be afraid of that. And it is due to ourselves, and to our principles, that the truth which is committed to our keeping,—the truth for which our fathers suffered, and for which we suffer still,—should be distinctly declared in the face of the world.

With these words we close our volume for 1864. The year, which is so nearly gone, has been a year of mercy to us all. Let us be thankful for all our mercies! To most of us, too, it has been a year of trial and of discipline. Let us be thankful for the discipline of our loving Father! With all his heart the Editor of THE BAPTIST REPORTER offers to his readers his good wishes and congratulations, and desires for all of them a happy Christmas and a blessed New Year.

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THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II. 1865.

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM."

LONDON:
J. HEATON & SON, 42, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

MDCCCLXV.

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PREFACE.

THE number with which this page appears is the last number of THE BAPTIST REPORTER. This publication is thus added to the long list of Baptist publications which have been discontinued for the very prosaic reason *that they have not paid.* It might, perhaps, be more pleasing to some ears if the fact were stated somewhat less directly; but the truth is what has been stated, and there can be no object in concealing it now.

Were this the proper time and place, the Editor might say much on the small amount of support which is afforded to Baptist literature by Baptist ministers and churches. It would be very ungracious, however, to "scold" those who help faithfully and zealously, for the shortcomings of those who are indifferent or cold. The day may come when Baptists will see, as members of other denominations do, their true interest in this matter. Meantime, the Editor offers his sincerest thanks to those who have aided him in his work, either by tongue or pen. Those who have united with him in his labours, and those who have sustained him by words of kindness and encouragement, deserve alike, and will alike accept, his profoundest gratitude.

It is with some sadness that the Editor retires from a work which he had hoped to continue for many years to come. The sorrow will, however, be relieved and lessened, if the failure of THE BAPTIST REPORTER should be the means of strengthening other Baptist publications. THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE, for example, representing the denomination more widely, deserves more vigorous

help. The Editor earnestly recommends this publication to his readers as being thoroughly worthy of their sympathy and support; and he will be pleased to know that they accord to the elder denominational candidate the interest they have given to the retiring representative. If the Editor had no connexion with THE FREEMAN, and THE CHURCH, he might add a word in favour of those publications also.

As to THE REPORTER itself,—

"That which is writ is writ;
Would it were worthier!"

May He who accepts our failures as readily as our successes, accept this effort to serve him; and may it be found at last that the intercourse of the Editor and his Readers, during the last twenty months, has not been *wholly* profitless!

LONDON,
August 1st, 1865.

*** Following the example of last year, it may be interesting to some readers to state that, in the eight numbers for this year, will be found contributions from the Revs. C. BAILHACHE, of Islington; J. P. BARNETT, of Birmingham; S. COX, of Nottingham; J. U. DAVIS, B.A., of Kingsbridge; J. H. GORDON, of Darlington; S. G. GREEN, B.A., of Rawdon College; J. H. LUMMIS, of Ford Forge; A. MACLAREN, B.A., of Manchester; J. MUNNELL, of Kettering; G. H. ROUSE, LL.B., of London; T. R. STEVENSON, of Luton; W. WALTERS, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; W. H. WYLIE, of Accrington; J. E. RYLAND, Esq., M.A., of Northampton; and M. H. WILKIN, Esq., of Hampstead. The Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, and of other denominational societies, have also furnished articles of intelligence.

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GEORGE MÜLLER AND ASHLEY DOWN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Mr. Müller commenced his Orphan-work by renting a private dwelling-house in Wilson Street, Bristol, and fitting it up for the accommodation of thirty children. Girls only were to be admitted. It seemed desirable to commence with them because they were more helpless than boys, and, being more likely to fall a prey to vice, needed more particularly to be protected. None were to be received under seven years of age, or above twelve; they were to be trained for domestic service, and kept until suitable situations could be found for them.

The Institution was formally opened on the 21st of April, 1836. On the 18th of the following month, Mr. Müller declared his intention to establish an Infant Orphan House, as soon as convenient premises could be obtained; and on November the 28th this second establishment was opened in the same street as the first.

Funds necessary for carrying on the work were supplied, without any one being asked to give; and, so encouraged was Mr. Müller, that, in the exercise of that faith which had hitherto sustained him, he determined to establish a third branch of the Institution. In his journal, under the date of June 15th, 1837, he thus intimates his plan: "As the Lord has so greatly condescended to listen to my prayers, and as I consider it one of the particular talents which he has intrusted to me, to exercise faith upon his promises, as it regards my own temporal wants and those of others; and as an Orphan House for *boys* above seven years of age seems greatly needed in this city, and as, also, without it, we know not how to provide for the little *boys* in the Infant Orphan House when they are above seven years of age, I propose to establish an Orphan House for boys above seven." Before the end of the year, this third House was opened.

In 1843, a fourth house was taken in Wilson Street, and fitted up for older girls. This, like its predecessors, was soon full. Altogether about a hundred and twenty children were now comfortably housed, provided with food and clothing, and educated in the fear of God. As years passed away, and the Institution grew larger and larger, there were not wanting persons to express their doubts and fears concerning the prudence of the movement, and its ultimate success. Mr. Müller's faith was often tried, also, by the way in which supplies were withholden by God, till they were absolutely needed; but his trust never wavered. He believed that he had received from God a special bestowment of the grace of faith, which he was bound to exercise for the good of the church and the glory of God; and hence he went steadily, quietly, resolutely on.

The time had now come for a greater enlargement than had been yet made. In October, 1845, a gentleman residing in Wilson Street wrote a letter to Mr. Müller, in which he courteously stated that the inhabitants of the locality were inconvenienced in various ways by the Orphan Houses being in the neighbourhood. Having stated this, he left it to Mr. Müller's own judgment to do what he thought right in the matter. The justice of this complaint was admitted, and when it came to be considered it was evident that many advantages would accrue to the orphans themselves from a removal to a less confined neighbourhood. Here follows the conclusion: "I judged that sufficiently large premises to furnish all needful accommodation for 300 children (from their earliest days up to 15 or 16 years old), together with a sufficiently large piece of ground in the neighbourhood of Bristol for building the premises upon, and the remainder for cultivation by the spade, would cost at least £10,000. I was not discouraged by this, but trusted in the living God." Mr. Müller, having resolved to build, at once began to ask God for the means,

and the necessary funds commenced to come in. A field of nearly seven acres on Ashley Down, near Bristol, was purchased, and the Lord's hand was seen in its sale. The owner wanted £200 an acre for the land, but ultimately offered it for £120 an acre. An architect wrote to say that he would esteem it a privilege to be allowed to act as architect in the erection of the building; and offered to furnish plans and specifications, and to superintend the works gratuitously. Money, in various amounts, was freely given. Two entries furnish the extremes of the contributions; between these extremes there were sums of all sizes. "Jan. 3, 1846. One of the orphans gave sixpence."——"Jan 25, 1847. It is now fourteen months and three weeks since, day by day, I have uttered my petitions to God in behalf of this work. I rose this morning in full confidence from my knees, not only that God *could*, but also *would*, send the means, and that soon. Never, during all these fourteen months and three weeks, have I had the least doubt that I should have all that which is requisite. And now, dear believing reader, rejoice and praise with me. *About an hour after I had prayed thus, there was given to me the sum of* Two Thousand Pounds *for the building fund.*"

On the 5th of July, 1847, the new building was commenced; and on the 18th of June, 1849, the children were removed to it from Wilson Street. In the course of a month one hundred and seventy new orphans were received into the Institution; making, with those who had been removed from Wilson Street, the whole number two hundred and eighty-eight. The House was immediately put into the hands of trustees, and the trust-deed was properly enrolled. The Institution continued to receive support as heretofore. Sometimes thousands of pounds were sent at once, at other times only a few shillings or pence. Donations of clothing, plate, jewels, &c., were sent to be sold, that the proceeds might be applied to the general purposes of the house. Sometimes there was an abundant store in hand, at other times things were reduced to the lowest extremity. But they were never in want. The promise and goodness of God never failed. The manner of relief was frequently such as to excite the most joyful gratitude and the most confiding trust.

Mr. Müller's faith grew stronger every day; and, with this growth of faith, there was an enlargement of purpose. About eighteen months after the opening of the new House on Ashley Down, we find the following entry in Mr. Müller's journal: "Dec. 5, 1850. It has passed through my mind to build another Orphan House, large enough for seven hundred orphans, so that I might be able to care for one thousand altogether." Forthwith this thought became the subject of earnest prayer. For seven weeks, before it was mentioned to a single human being, God's will was sought day after day, concerning it. At length, on the 28th of May, 1851, Mr. Müller publicly announced his purpose to build a second Orphan House, the estimated cost of which, including the land, the building, and the fitting up and furnishing, was £35,000. As soon as this announcement was made, the liberality of many Christian people began to flow into the treasury of the Lord. A report, however, was circulated that there were already £30,000 in hand towards the new project; and this report for a time proved injurious. Mr. Müller thought it his duty to contradict such a false statement. "God knows," said he, "that I have not £30,000 in hand towards this object, but less than £1,200." The tide of liberality soon rose. In March, 1852, a donation of £1,000 was sent in for the use of the Institution, £600 of which were set apart for the new house. On the 4th of January, 1853, a promise of £8,100, payable in four monthly instalments from that date, was sent by several friends; and £6,000 were appropriated to the building fund. On January 17th, 1854, £5,207 were sent by a number of friends, of which £3,000 were put by for the same object. On January 9th, 1855, £5,700 were promised, and again

£3,400 were set aside. All the while many sums of smaller amount were forwarded from various parts; till at the close of the fourth year from the announcement of the project Mr. Müller had received for it £23,059 17*s.* 8½*d.*

In consequence of some circumstances, not considered beforehand, it was found necessary to abandon the idea of building one house for seven hundred children; and to erect instead two houses, one for four hundred, the other for three hundred. The plans for erecting the former were soon prepared. The building was commenced on May 29th, 1855; and opened on the 12th of November, 1857. By the commencement of 1858, the £35,000—the estimated cost of the large building—had been supplied. In September of that year a piece of land was purchased, near to the existing establishment, for the third Orphan House. Mr. Müller's purposes and faith had grown larger again. Instead of building for 300, as he had intended, he now determined to build for 450; thus, instead of having 1,000 Orphans under his care, he would have 1,150. This third House was commenced in July, 1859, and opened on the 12th of March, 1862. There was an addition in its increased size and accommodation of about £7,000 to the original estimate of cost. Nevertheless, nearly two years before the completion of the building, all the money needed (and more) had been supplied. Upwards of £45,000 had been contributed. While these sums were being contributed towards the building fund, the liberality had never slackened by which the current expenses of feeding, clothing, and educating the Orphans had been met and the work of Christian evangelization carried on.

While the third Orphan House was being erected, Mr. Müller actually conceived the plan of erecting two more. In his Twenty-second Report he made known his purpose. "I have now," he said, "to inform the reader, that, as ten years ago, so again during the last months, day by day, my spirit has been exercised about a still further enlargement of the Orphan-work, so that there should not only be 1,150 destitute children, bereaved of both parents by death, cared for, in connexion with the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad, but 2,000; and that still further premises should be built, as two separate establishments, for 850 more Orphans, being a fourth and fifth Orphan House, in addition to the three already built. . . . The premises contemplated for 850 more Orphans, cannot cost with the ground less than £50,000, especially as a large field for cultivation by the boys will be required. Now whence shall I get this £50,000; especially when it is considered that, in the meantime, the amount needed for the current expenses will be at least £20,000 year by year? And how, natural reason would say, will you be able to keep up the work, provided you were able to accomplish the building, as then the regular current expenses would amount to about £35,000 a year? I feel the force of all this, looking at it naturally. I am not a fanatic, or an enthusiast, but, as all who know me are well aware, a calm, cool, quiet, calculating business man; and, therefore, I should be utterly overwhelmed, looking at it naturally; but as the whole of this work was commenced, and ever has been gone on with in faith, trusting in the living God alone for everything, so it is also regarding this intended enlargement. I look to the Lord alone for helpers, land, means, and everything else needed. I have pondered the difficulties for months. I have looked steadily at every one of them; but faith in God has put every one of them aside." In his last Report, Mr. Müller tells us that up to May 26th, 1864, he had received for this new undertaking £19,321 7*s.* 1½*d.*; and that as soon as he has £25,000 in hand he shall take steps for the erection of the fourth House.

Sometimes it has been asked whether all these Houses are needed—whether Orphans enough can be found to fill them. The answer to this is, that since the second House was opened on the 12th of November, 1857, 1,202 Orphans

have been received, and only since March 12th, 1862, 727—that all the Houses erected are quite full, there being now 1,150 inmates—that there are 990 on the books waiting for admission, of whom 473 are boys—and that the number so waiting would probably have been four times as great, had Mr. Müller not been obliged to decline registering so many hundreds of boys, because he had no prospect of being able to provide for them, whilst they were of an age suited for such an Institution. In fact, there are thousands of poor children, who are at once fatherless and motherless (and no others are received at Ashley Down), on whom Christian love may bestow its sympathy and care.

It has been asked, How will the Institution be maintained after Mr. Müller's death? No provision, it is said, is made for carrying it on in future time, and unless some one like Mr. Müller is raised up, the whole thing must fall to pieces. This sort of language was employed against Frankè, when he commenced his Orphan Institution at Halle, in 1698. In 1727 Frankè died, but the Institution did not die; his son-in-law undertook its management; after his death God found others to carry forward the great work; so it has continued down to this day. A century and a half has passed away; but the Institution remains. Our modern Frankè is quite familiar with the objection of which we write; his answer to it is,—"My business is with all my might to serve my own generation. Let every one take heed lest, in caring about what will become of the next generation, he forget to serve his own generation."

Many persons attempt to disparage Mr. Müller's work, and even to impeach his sincerity, by saying that, while he professes to carry on the work by faith and prayer, without soliciting aid from any man, yet he systematically appeals to the sympathies and pockets of all men, by means of his Reports, which are circulated throughout the world, and that, in short, there is in the whole movement too much cant and trickery. Here Mr. Müller shall answer for himself; we take the answer from his last Report. "My reply is: there is nothing unusual in writing Reports. This is done by public Institutions generally; but the constant complaint is, that Reports are not read. Our Reports are not extraordinary as to the power of language, or as to striking appeals to feelings. They are the simple statements of facts. These Reports are not taken by me to persons, and accompanied with personal applications for means; but they are simply sent to the donors, or to any other individuals who wish to have or purchase them. If they produce results, which Reports generally do not, I can only ascribe it to the Lord. I do not mean to say, that God does not use the Reports as instruments in procuring us means. They are written in order that I may thus give an account of my stewardship, and bring before the reader the operations of the Institution; but particularly, in order that, by these printed accounts of the work, the chief end of this Institution may be answered, which is, to raise another public testimony to an unbelieving world, that in these last days the Living God is still the Living God, listening to the prayers of his children, and helping those who put their trust in him; and in order that believers generally may be benefited, and, especially, be encouraged to trust in God for everything they may need, and be stirred up to deal in greater simplicity with God respecting everything connected with their own particular position and circumstances; in short, that the children of God may be brought to the practical use of the Holy Scriptures, as the Word of the Living God. But while these are the *primary* reasons for publishing these Reports, we doubt not that the Lord has again and again used them as instruments in leading persons to help us with their means. For as I continually stand in need of considerable sums, and as even thousands of pounds go but a very little way, I entreat the Lord day by day, and generally several times every day, to supply me with means, and to speak to the hearts of his dear children, and to constrain them

by the love of Christ to help me out of the means with which he has intrusted them; and so it comes to pass, I doubt not, that the Lord again and again works by his Spirit in the hearts of those who have read the Reports. But whether we are supplied with means through the Reports, or irrespective of them; in either case it is God who is working for us, and it is to this that I wish to direct the mind of the reader." This answer is to our minds conclusive and satisfactory.

We must now close. We had purposed giving a few extracts illustrative of the manifold, and in many cases curious, gifts sent to be sold for the benefit of the Orphans, and a description of the inner life of the Institution. Our space, however, is exhausted. For the former we refer our readers to Mr. Müller's Annual Reports, and for the latter to an interesting book published a year or two ago, by Mr. Elfe Tayler, under the title of "Ashley Down; or, Living Faith in a Living God."

It is impossible to avoid, in closing, contrasting the movement we have been describing with much of what is considered good Christian work in the present day. Here you have no bazaars and fancy-fairs—no musical entertainments—no placards a yard long, printed in all the colours of the rainbow—no preaching to persons who in order to hear must pay a shilling or half-a-crown apiece for tickets—not even a public meeting presided over by a peer of the realm, and roused to momentary enthusiasm by popular harangues. God's blessing on Mr. Müller's unostentatious work of faith is a solemn protest against the worldly policy of the church in the nineteenth century. May we be wise to adopt all that in it partakes of the wisdom and spirit of Christ, and to put all else aside!

ON SOME OF THE PASSAGES WHICH ARE USED IN THE BAPTISMAL CONTROVERSY.

If we wish to learn what is the doctrine of Scripture on the nature and fruits of faith, we look at all the passages which refer to faith, and form our inferences from them. If we inquire what is the teaching of Scripture in reference to any Christian grace or its opposite,—to church-government, or future blessedness, or any other subject,—we form our opinions solely from those passages which treat of these various topics. But when we ask, What is the doctrine of Scripture on the subject of baptism?—we are at once referred to a large number of passages that have no reference to baptism at all; and one of the strongholds of those who advocate certain views is a chapter which treats of what was said to Abraham eighteen hundred years even before Christian baptism was itself instituted! In considering some of the passages, then, which are used in the baptismal controversy, we shall have to inquire as to the meaning of some statements of Scripture that have nothing to do with the subject.

The first passage that we shall notice is John iii. 5: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The advocates of baptismal regeneration argue that the phrase, "be born of water," represents the mere outward act of baptism. Surely a consideration of the context will show the utter untenableness of such an assumption. Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, comes to Jesus as the Great Teacher, to be taught of him. Jesus at once informs him of the nature of

the kingdom that he came to establish,—that it is a spiritual kingdom, admission to which is not, as in the case of the Jewish commonwealth, secured by natural birth, but by a *second*, a spiritual birth,—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus cannot understand Jesus, and the Saviour repeats and expands his statement. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Being "born of water and of the Spirit" must, therefore, be equivalent to being "born again;" and it can only refer to any outward rite on the unscriptural assumption that spiritual grace can be obtained by any mere mechanical means. The very words which the Saviour proceeds to use imply, not merely the unscripturalness, but also the absurdity of this view. He says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" and these words certainly imply this among other truths, that, as ordinary birth can only produce that which is flesh, so carnal ordinances, outward rites, mechanical performances, can in themselves only produce that which is outward and mechanical.

Furthermore, the Saviour never repeats the word "water." He goes on to speak of "that which is born of *the Spirit*." "The wind [*the Spirit*] bloweth where it listeth." He never once more speaks of being born of water; and surely we may infer that being "born of the Spirit" covers the being "born of water," whatever that may mean.

But, lastly,—which ought to settle the question of the reference of this verse to baptism,—the truth taught here is one which Nicodemus, as a master in Israel, ought to have known. "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" Now, how was it incumbent on Nicodemus to have known anything of Christian baptism, which was not instituted for three years afterwards? How could he possibly have known anything about it? How could the Saviour have blamed him for being ignorant of it? If the expression here refers to John's baptism, we know, from the fact of Paul's rebaptizing John's disciples, that the two baptisms were so far distinct that no inference can be drawn from the nature of the one to that of the other. And if it did refer to John's baptism, from what Old Testament Scripture, or from what human reasoning, ought Nicodemus to have inferred that to be baptized of John, to be born of John's baptism and of the Spirit, was essential to entrance into the kingdom of God?

To be born of water and of the Spirit is, we have seen, equivalent to being born again. Simon Magus was baptized—did he enter into the kingdom of God? Hear the apostle: "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter." To be born of water is an essential prerequisite to entering into the kingdom of God. The penitent thief was never baptized, yet in answer to his prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy *kingdom!*" the Saviour said to him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." To the "poor in spirit," not to the baptized, belongs the "kingdom of heaven;" those "who are as little children," not those who have been baptized, shall enter into it; for it "is not meat and drink," nor, surely, water, or anything outward, "but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

What, then, does this passage mean? It seems to me that the key to the construction will be found in Matt. iii. 11, and the key to the meaning in Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26. The Greek here does not, like our English version, repeat the preposition. It is "Except a man be born *of water and Spirit* (*ἐξ ὕδατος καὶ πνεύματος*)." It perhaps hardly follows from this, as a *necessary* inference, that the water and the Spirit refer to one and the same subject; but it renders it very probable that they do. If this interpretation seem somewhat harsh, the first passage I have quoted will, nevertheless, fully justify us in adopting it. John the Baptist says of Jesus, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire (*ἐν Πνεύματι ἁγίῳ καὶ πυρί*)." Here also the preposition is not repeated, and here the meaning probably is, "the Holy Ghost, whose action is symbolized by fire, and was notably thus symbolized on the day of Pentecost." Even if we think that in this passage the fire refers to punishment, yet the above must be allowed to be a very possible, and, considering the absence of the article, not improbable meaning. We are surely, then, not forcing the Saviour's words when we paraphrase them thus: "Except a man be born of the Spirit, whose action is symbolized by water, and notably symbolized by the cleansing waters of baptism, he cannot see the kingdom of God." We know that in numberless passages, both of the Old and New Testaments, the Spirit's action *is* symbolized by water. Let us notice one or two: "I will pour *water* upon him that is thirsty, and *floods* upon the dry ground. I will pour my *Spirit* upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." "Living *water*. This spake he of the *Spirit*, which they which believe on him should receive." And especially the one above referred to. Ezekiel, in speaking of the coming blessedness of the children of Israel—the blessedness which they were to enjoy when the *kingdom* of Messiah should be set up—speaks, in the Lord's name, as follows: "Then will I sprinkle *clean water* upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A *new heart* also will I give you, and a *new spirit* will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart *out of your flesh*, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my *Spirit* within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God." These promises, we learn from the Epistle to the Hebrews, constitute the new covenant which God promised to make with the Jews; and the Saviour, in telling Nicodemus that he must be born of water and of the Spirit, was merely reminding him of this old prediction as to the character of Messiah's kingdom; and when he saw how slow of heart Nicodemus was to comprehend the meaning of his words, he could most justly ask, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" Hast thou not read thine own Scriptures, and learned from them that ye must be cleansed, washed, and have a new spirit given to you—a new nature; ye must be washed from your sins, and be, as it were, born again?

It may be asked, Is it natural to understand, in the same sentence, one word, "water," figuratively, and another, "Spirit," literally? We may point, in reply, to the passage quoted from Ezekiel, where "I will sprinkle

the kingdom that he came to establish,—that it is a spiritual kingdom, admission to which is not, as in the case of the Jewish commonwealth, secured by natural birth, but by a *second*, a spiritual birth,—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus cannot understand Jesus, and the Saviour repeats and expands his statement. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Being "born of water and of the Spirit" must, therefore, be equivalent to being "born again;" and it can only refer to any outward rite on the unscriptural assumption that spiritual grace can be obtained by any mere mechanical means. The very words which the Saviour proceeds to use imply, not merely the unscripturalness, but also the absurdity of this view. He says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" and these words certainly imply this among other truths, that, as ordinary birth can only produce that which is flesh, so carnal ordinances, outward rites, mechanical performances, can in themselves only produce that which is outward and mechanical.

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But, lastly,—which ought to settle the question of the reference of this verse to baptism,—the truth taught here is one which Nicodemus, as a master in Israel, ought to have known. "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" Now, how was it incumbent on Nicodemus to have known anything of Christian baptism, which was not instituted for three years afterwards? How could he possibly have known anything about it? How could the Saviour have blamed him for being ignorant of it? If the expression here refers to John's baptism, we know, from the fact of Paul's rebaptizing John's disciples, that the two baptisms were so far distinct that no inference can be drawn from the nature of the one to that of the other. And if it did refer to John's baptism, from what Old Testament Scripture, or from what human reasoning, ought Nicodemus to have inferred that to be baptized of John, to be born of John's baptism and of the Spirit, was essential to entrance into the kingdom of God?

To be born of water and of the Spirit is, we have seen, equivalent to being born again. Simon Magus was baptized—did he enter into the kingdom of God? Hear the apostle: "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter." To be born of water is an essential prerequisite to entering into the kingdom of God. The penitent thief was never baptized, yet in answer to his prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy *kingdom!*" the Saviour said to him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." To the "poor in spirit," not to the baptized, belongs the "kingdom of heaven;" those "who are as little children," not those who have been baptized, shall enter into it; for it "is not meat and drink," nor, surely, water, or anything outward, "but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

What, then, does this passage mean? It seems to me that the key to the construction will be found in Matt. iii. 11, and the key to the meaning in Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26. The Greek here does not, like our English version, repeat the preposition. It is "Except a man be born *of water and Spirit* (*ἐξ ὕδατος καὶ πνεύματος*)." It perhaps hardly follows from this, as a *necessary* inference, that the water and the Spirit refer to one and the same subject; but it renders it very probable that they do. If this interpretation seem somewhat harsh, the first passage I have quoted will, nevertheless, fully justify us in adopting it. John the Baptist says of Jesus, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire (*ἐν Πνεύματι ἁγίῳ καὶ πυρί*)." Here also the preposition is not repeated, and here the meaning probably is, "the Holy Ghost, whose action is symbolized by fire, and was notably thus symbolized on the day of Pentecost." Even if we think that in this passage the fire refers to punishment, yet the above must be allowed to be a very possible, and, considering the absence of the article, not improbable meaning. We are surely, then, not forcing the Saviour's words when we paraphrase them thus: "Except a man be born of the Spirit, whose action is symbolized by water, and notably symbolized by the cleansing waters of baptism, he cannot see the kingdom of God." We know that in numberless passages, both of the Old and New Testaments, the Spirit's action *is* symbolized by water. Let us notice one or two: "I will pour *water* upon him that is thirsty, and *floods* upon the dry ground. I will pour my *Spirit* upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." "Living *water*. This spake he of the *Spirit*, which they which believe on him should receive." And especially the one above referred to. Ezekiel, in speaking of the coming blessedness of the children of Israel—the blessedness which they were to enjoy when the *kingdom* of Messiah should be set up—speaks, in the Lord's name, as follows: "Then will I sprinkle *clean water* upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A *new heart* also will I give you, and a *new spirit* will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart *out of your flesh*, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my *Spirit* within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God." These promises, we learn from the Epistle to the Hebrews, constitute the new covenant which God promised to make with the Jews; and the Saviour, in telling Nicodemus that he must be born of water and of the Spirit, was merely reminding him of this old prediction as to the character of Messiah's kingdom; and when he saw how slow of heart Nicodemus was to comprehend the meaning of his words, he could most justly ask, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" Hast thou not read thine own Scriptures, and learned from them that ye must be cleansed, washed, and have a new spirit given to you—a new nature; ye must be washed from your sins, and be, as it were, born again?

It may be asked, Is it natural to understand, in the same sentence, one word, "water," figuratively, and another, "Spirit," literally? We may point, in reply, to the passage quoted from Ezekiel, where "I will sprinkle

clean water" must be taken figurstively, and "a new spirit will I put within you" must be taken literally. But, let it be further remembered, that, both in Hebrew and Greek and Syriac, the word for "Spirit" must be taken figuratively too. That word means, literally, "wind," and in the *immediate* context is used in that sense: "The *wind* (πνεῦμα) bloweth where it listeth . . . so is every one that is born of the *Spirit* (ἐκ τοῦ Πνεύματος)." We might, then, if we wished to be *extremely* literal, translate the words, "Except a man be born of *water and wind*," and as the word "wind" is here manifestly and confessedly figurative, referring to that in the spiritual world which wind is in the natural, so is the word "water" figurative also, referring to the cleansing of the soul from the old nature of sin.

But why does the Saviour say, "*Born* of water"? Where is the appropriateness of this figure? He employs it because he had just used it without joining with it the word water. He had said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and when he repeats the statement and explains it, he uses, of course, the same metaphor. But there is, further, a scriptural appropriateness in the use of the figure of "birth" in this passage, and that in a twofold sense. If, as some assert, Nicodemus saw in the Saviour's words a reference to John's baptism, they could only relate to its spiritual import. And what was this? "John baptized with the baptism of *repentance*, saying unto the people that they should *believe* on him which should come after him, Christ Jesus." The import of John's baptism was—repentance from sin, and belief in the coming Messiah. It represented a death unto sin, and a new birth unto the "kingdom of heaven," the kingdom of the Messiah. Still more forcibly is this doctrine of the new birth taught in Christian baptism, for in it we are "buried with Christ," and, in it, "rise with him to *newness* of life." The Saviour, then, might mean, Except that great change take place on you, which is pictured in the act of being buried in the water, and rising out of it again, which consists in a death unto sin, a purification from the old nature, and a new birth unto righteousness, and which is wrought by the power of the *Spirit* of God—except ye be, not carnally, outwardly, but *spiritually* born of water, ye cannot see the kingdom of God. It is not so much to be *purified* that ye need, as to be *renewed;* not to have the old nature *improved*, but *eradicated.* Mere *cleansing* of water is not enough; ye must be *born again* of water and the Spirit, or ye cannot see the kingdom of God.

But, in yet another sense, the phrase "be born of water" is in accordance with the analogy of Scripture, as may be seen by comparing the following passages: "Sanctify them through thy truth; *Thy word* is truth." "That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the *washing of water* by *the word.*" "Of his own will *begat* he us with the *word of truth.*" The Word of God sanctifies, the Word of God cleanses, by the Word of God the believer is begotten again. To the same effect the apostle Peter writes: "Seeing ye have *purified* your souls in obeying *the truth* through the *Spirit* . . . being *born again*, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the *Word of God*, which liveth and abideth for ever." The

evangelist John, who records these words of the Saviour, says in his first chapter: "To them that *believe* on his name, ["Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the *Word of God*"] which were *born* . . . *of God*." And in his first epistle he repeats the same doctrine: "Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin." "Every one that *believeth* that Jesus is the Christ is *born of God*." "Whatsoever is *born of God* overcometh the world, and this is the victory, . . . *our faith*."

We see, then, that Scripture uniformly teaches that men are born again of God through faith in *the word*—that the word, through faith, purifies, cleanses, as by water, the soul; and therefore the Saviour says: "Except a man be *born again* of *water* and of the *Spirit*, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Another text that is often forced into this baptismal controversy is 1 Cor. vii. 14: "For the unbelieving husband is sanctified (ἡγίασται) by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband; else were your children unclean, but now are they holy (ἅγια)." Now, it is not my purpose here to do what has been so well done again and again, to refute the arguments which are based upon this text in favour of infant baptism. I will merely remark that they rest upon four assumptions, all equally groundless: First, that the children of believers are here stated to be *federally holy* (a phrase which Barnes, a Pædobaptist, says he *cannot understand*); secondly, that this federal holiness is similar to the connection between the Jew and his children under the old, earthly covenant; thirdly, that baptism has come in the place of circumcision, the seal of the old covenant; and, fourthly, that having taken its place, it must obey its rules—and yet it confessedly does *not* obey them; for Abraham circumcised his slaves, but no one contends that unbelieving slaves are to be baptized on account of the faith of the master. But let us simply inquire, What does the passage mean? It is very evident, from the use of the same word in both clauses, that whatever is asserted of the children of the believing parent is asserted equally of the unbelieving parent himself. In what sense, then, are the children of the unbelieving husband, or wife of a believer, *sanctified* by that believer's faith?

I believe the key to the interpretation of the apostle's meaning is found in his own words in 1 Tim. iv. 3–5. In that passage he speaks of the heresies of the latter days, in which men would appear in the church who "command to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For," he adds, "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, *if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified* (ἁγιάζεται) *by the word of God and prayer*." In what sense does the apostle use the word "sanctified" here? "Meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving *of them which believe, and know the truth*." Are not, then, unbelievers to eat? Is it God's design that they should all starve? "For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, *if it be received with thanksgiving*." Then is food, the creature of God, God's gift—is food in itself a *bad* thing, a thing to be *rejected*, if it be not received with thanksgiving? Surely not. It is a sin to partake of it without thanksgiving, but the sin

is in the unthankfulness, not in the act of eating. For an ungodly man to eat is not sin; there is no wickedness in the mere *act* of his eating, but in the spirit in which he does it there is sin. Eating and drinking is to him simply the gratification of a mere animal instinct; there is nothing high, nothing noble about it. It is of the earth, earthly; it is an act in which there is not the slightest religious element; no recognition of God's gifts; no gratitude to Him for them, but mere earthly instinct. In a word, the act is not a *holy* act, not a *consecrated* act, not an act of the spiritual sanctuary; it is an unconsecrated, an unholy act, just as some vessel which was employed in the ordinary domestic life of an Israelite was not a *holy* vessel, as were the vessels of the sanctuary. But with the Christian all is different. To him the very simplest and meanest occupation becomes a consecrated thing. Upon the commonest pursuits of earthly life he has inscribed—"Holiness unto the Lord." He does all in the name of the Lord Jesus, and in so doing he *sanctifies* everything that he does, even the most trivial engagements of life. Before, he received his food as a mere animal; now, he receives it as the gift of God; he turns it into an occasion of "offering up the spiritual sacrifice" of praise; he consecrates it on the altar of the indwelling God, and now it is no longer a *common* thing to him. Like everything else, it is transformed, ennobled, consecrated. "Whether he eats or drinks, or whatsoever he does, he does all *to the glory of God*," and thus his food is "*sanctified* by the word of God and prayer."

Apply the same principle of interpretation to the passage before us. If an unbelieving husband have an unbelieving wife, their union is not branded as, *in itself*, sinful in the sight of God, nor their children illegitimate; but, yet, there is nothing really noble, nothing heavenly, nothing sacred in their union. It is a purely *earthly* tie. In the case of those of whom the apostle was writing—men and women brought up in heathenism—the union, as now in heathen lands, had, probably, but little even distinctively *human* about it; it was "*earthly, sensual*," as the apostle Jude speaks; it was a union based on nothing higher than mere animal instincts. And even in the case of many living in Christian lands, and who, while yet unconverted, have many noble qualities; even in the case of the union of two amiable, estimable, exemplary, but unbelieving persons, we see nothing that is distinctively *religious*. Their love for each other and for their children is a noble thing, but it is not a *sanctified* principle, a *Christian* principle. It is purely earthly; there is no reference in it to a God who implanted that love, and who gave the beings on whom that love is exercised.

But, in the union of Christians, there is something far higher than this. When two children of God walk together as a brother and sister in the Lord, as "heirs together of the grace of life"—when they love one another, not merely from an earthly, but also from an *heavenly* principle,—when they regard one another, and their children, as those whom God has given them, and the most precious of his earthly gifts; when they behold in their own union a very symbol of the union between Christ and his church; and when their one desire is to train up for God those whom God himself has given them,—then their union is no more merely earthly, it is heavenly;

it is no more merely natural, it is spiritual; it is no more unconsecrated, it is consecrated to God—it is a holy thing. Before his conversion the husband acted from merely worldly principles towards his wife; *now* he regards her as God's gift to him; and, as in all his other actions, even the most trivial, so far more in his intercourse with the wife whom God has given him, he desires to act as a Christian, and to make the service he owes her a *Christian* service. Before her conversion the mother looked upon her children with tender, but purely earthly feelings—these feelings were *unconsecrated; now*, she regards her children as the most precious treasures with which her heavenly Father has intrusted her, and she desires to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" she desires that her service to them should be a service of *Christian* love.*

I take, then, the meaning of this passage to be: "As even his daily food becomes to the Christian a means of grace, a *holy thing*, being received with thanksgiving, and consecrated to the service of God; so, in the same sense, but in a far higher degree, to the believer his wife and children, even if *they* be unbelieving, become objects of holy Christian service; his relationship to them, and the principles on which he acts towards them, are no longer earthly—they are heavenly, divine, holy." With what force could the apostle argue, If your relationship is thus holy, let not the believer separate from his unbelieving wife, or the wife from her husband, but remember that all the relationships of life are consecrated to God.

"THE BRIGHTER SIDE:" OR, THE MINISTER'S NEW YEAR.

"I MUST conclude that I have mistaken my vocation," said the minister, "if, ——" here he sank into a reverie, with eyes fixed upon a sheet of paper, closely-written, which lay before him on the breakfast-table. Some five minutes had passed by, since, at his wife's entreaty, he had ceased to walk to and fro in the little parlour, but not the less was he groaning inwardly over the circumstances of that portion of Christ's church, of which, until within the last twelve months, he had believed that the Master himself had made him "overseer." By natural temperament, Mr. Melbourne was inclined to despondency and gloom: add to this that he had for some months been out of health and harassed by pecuniary difficulties, and you will be at no loss to understand why, on this first day of January, eighteen hundred and ——, he looked steadily on that "darker side" which his cheerful, healthful, hopeful little wife would fain have turned away from him, at once, and for ever.

It is by no means my intention to lay before the reader any very minute particulars of the "case" in question. Enough that a "root of bitterness, springing up," had troubled the church, and caused its pastor such intense

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* Two passages in the Prayer-Book illustrate this usage of the word. One is in the Baptismal service: "*Sanctify* this water to the mystical washing away of sin," which Wheatley explains as referring to no change in the nature of the water, but to the *purpose* to which it is applied. The other is in the Marriage service: "Who hast *consecrated* the state of matrimony to such an excellent mystery, that in it is signified and represented the spiritual marriage and unity betwixt Christ and his Church;" "Who did create our first parents, Adam and Eve, and did *sanctify* and join them together in marriage."

suffering as few, save those who have gone through a similar trial, can understand. Months had passed, but the wound was not yet healed, and the injury inflicted on the cause seemed, in the eyes of the minister, to be not only serious but irreparable. Under these circumstances it was natural,—I do not say *right*,—that Mr. Melbourne should assume that *he* was, in some way or other, whether by sin of omission or commission, or both, the cause of very much of the darkness which he lamented: natural, too,—though, again, not necessarily *right*,—that he should forget, in some degree, the great fact that, through long years of ministry, he had been humbly and gratefully resigned to be *merely an instrument* in the hands of his heavenly Father, for the building up of his church and for the spread of his holy Gospel. Now, if there was one excellence in the good man's character, which, in the eyes of his reasonably-partial wife, shone forth more than another, it was that of genuine humility; and, all her sympathy notwithstanding, it seemed to Mrs. Melbourne a cruel thing that he should accuse himself, as he had more than once in her hearing, that very morning, of having entered on his sacred work with pride, self-seeking, and presumption in his heart.

"You are surely mistaken," she had ventured to say, as she prepared her husband's breakfast. "I can speak with confidence; for I have letters in my desk which would prove, even to unwilling readers, the sincerity and simplicity with which you sought divine direction and took counsel with our dear old pastor, before you decided on entering the ministry."

"Yes, yes: but you must remember the Scripture, my dear Jane, *By their fruits ye shall know them*. When I look at this paper, I feel utterly dismayed."

"May I read the writing which has made you so unhappy? Is it a list of last year's disappointments?"

Mr. Melbourne, who had previously laid his memorandum beside his plate, as if he had no wish to forget its contents—even if that were possible, replied by pointing to the first word, which was a long one, and his wife read as follows:—

"DISCOURAGEMENTS.

"PART FIRST.

"1. Twenty-nine members left in anger.
"2. Four were removed by death.
"3. Ten by change of residence.
"4. Two 'suspended.'
"5. Only five new members.
"6. Decrease of fifty Sunday scholars and six teachers.
"7. Discord among deacons.
"8. Own inability to preach so as to lay hold of the people."

"So far," interposed the minister, "for the *great* trials. Now come the *little* ones."

"SECOND PART.

"1. Decrease in subscriptions, *generally*.
"2. Corresponding decrease in my income. Salary, though reduced, still in arrear.
"3. Necessity of wife's giving up many things *necessary to her comfort*, in order to avoid *debt*.
"4. Impossibility of sending her into Wales next summer.
"5. Impossibility of giving Brother H. the sovereign.
"6. Impossibility of helping the poor by little gifts, as we were wont."

"Is that all?" inquired Mrs. Melbourne, as she came to the closing word.

"Is it not enough?"

"Enough for what? To make you unhappy? To induce a Christian minister to think that he has mistaken his vocation?"

Mr. Melbourne nodded gravely. In his present mood, *one* trouble would have weighed him to the earth,—what then must be the effect of a dozen or

more of unquestionably serious trials? And but for his wife's most energetic "No," he would, probably, have gone through that first day of a new year with a sorrow too deep for expression in his heart. Well and truly has the wise man written that "a good wife is from the Lord."

"I *must* conclude that I have mistaken my vocation," said the minister, for the second time that morning, "if——"

"If what, dear Richard?"

"If I have not more success."

"Of what kind?"

Mr. Melbourne hesitated. It seemed hard, just then, to be compelled to put into words the doubts and fears which had kept him tossing on his bed the long night through, but he knew that his wife had often been God's instrument for his recovery from gloom, and he dared not refuse to reply to the inquiries which her intense devotion to himself, no less than her humble confidence in God, now induced her to prosecute with unflinching pertinacity.

"I would fain be useful in the church," said the minister, meekly, "and I burn to be the means of winning souls."

"Are you sure that you are not useful in the church?"

"I see no sign."

"And *because* you 'see no sign,' you doubt God's mercy?"

"Not that, but my own call to the ministry."

"Then you believe that every Christian pastor who 'sees no sign' should at once begin to suspect that he has mistaken his 'vocation'?"

"Not at once, nor always,—for there may be a *hidden* work; or the minister may expect too much, being naturally impatient; or through some natural defect of vision, he may be altogether incapable of discerning that which God is pleased to do by him. But, in my case, ——."

"In *your* case," interrupted Mrs. Melbourne, "it is impossible that a hidden work is going on; impossible that the minister can expect too much, 'being naturally impatient;' impossible, also, that, through some natural defect of vision, he can be 'altogether incapable' of discerning that which God is pleased to do by him'!"

"Mr. Melbourne smiled, for, his own remarks being thus turned against him, he was for a few moments unable to reply. When at last he spoke, it was to refer once again to his memorandum, saying mournfully, as he pointed to the "twenty-nine," "This, at least, is unmistakably evil."

"Did you occasion it? Were the people alienated by your means? Did you stir up the strife and fan the flame of discord?"

"Never, never!"

"Then, believe me, you should rather regard this as a trial of your faith, as God's way of proving you, and of drawing you still nearer to himself. Have you not often told me that whenever God permits us to suffer greatly through the faults of others, it is in love, and for the perfecting of our souls?"

"But I *may* have done harm to the church in respect of other matters."

"Possibly; for what man is there who doeth good and sinneth not? Did you expect to be a faultless minister?"

"Most surely, no!"

"Did you think that God could only work by men of loftiest wisdom and most exalted piety?"

"No, for out of the mouth of babes he perfects praise; and it hath pleased him to choose the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, 'that no flesh should glory in his presence.'"

"Well, then, it seems to me that you have no cause whatever for despondency or doubt. Weak and imperfect as you are, it is your constant desire to be in

all things conformed to the will of your Father in heaven. For this you have prayed, day after day, in the year that is gone, seeking always to do God's work in his way—not in your own. You have preached Christ to the people of your charge; you have begrudged no labour, either in the study or out of it, which you believed likely to promote the advancement of the church, or the conversion of sinners; you have kept in view the great fact that it was not for yourself, but for God, that you were labouring; and I am *sure* that a day will come when you, who have gone forth weeping, 'bearing precious seed,' will 'come again with rejoicing,' bringing your sheaves with you! Even now, if you would but look towards *the brighter side* of the picture, you might make a list *twice as long as the other* of things hopeful and pleasant in connexion with your pastoral labours for the year which you closed so sadly yesterday."

"That is scarcely possible, I think," exclaimed the minister, "unless (in her somewhat excusable partiality) my wife sees *double!*"

This was spoken so cheerfully that "my wife's" eyes filled with joyful tears. Already her words had been made useful, for the cloud was broken, and the sunlight was streaming through! To conceal her emotion, Mrs. Melbourne left her husband's side, took a sheet of paper, and began to write as follows:—

"ENCOURAGEMENTS.

"PART FIRST.

"1. Eighty-seven members remain, *i.e.*, exactly *three times as many* as those who left.

"2. All the four who died have passed triumphantly into glory.

"3. Eight *real labourers* were received (by dismissal from other churches) on their removal to this place.

"4. The 'suspended' have borne reproof with patience, have amended, and will soon be restored.

"5. All the new members are bright, humble, and useful Christians.

"6. Many of our older saints are ripe for glory.

"7. We have two preaching stations, and both are prosperous.

"8. Our prayer-meetings are valued and refreshing.

"9. Most of our people,—even the poorest,—are doing something for Christ.

"10. All the Sunday school children love the pastor, and his 'talks;' and many of them are seeking Jesus.

"11. There are several 'inquirers,' including three young men of great promise.

"12. The deacons are beginning to pray together,—a sure sign that they are willing to be at peace.

"13. The last £50 of the chapel-debt was paid off in February, by the united efforts of the people.

"14. Great improvements have been made in singing, and this part of our worship is now 'in order.'

"15. A tract society has been established, and our messengers go far and wide.

"16. Hide's Alley has been regularly visited, and several of the inhabitants now attend public worship.

"17. Though the minister does not often like his own sermons, and though *people of the world* do not care to hear him, many Christ-seeking men and women can bear witness that he preaches the Gospel,—many saints testify that he has a message from God to their hearts; while, from time to time, in the homes of the poor and in the chambers of the dying, he is made a savour of life unto life to souls well-nigh perishing 'for lack of knowledge.'"

Mrs. Melbourne wrote thus far and stopped, for at this point she discovered that her husband was bending over her.

"This is what you have been doing—is it?" inquired the minister, as he prepared to read the paper.

"Yes," replied his wife; "is it necessary that I should continue, or will these seventeen convince you?"

By way of answer, Mr. Melbourne laid an open Bible on the desk, and pointed to the 116th Psalm. "I have reached that state of mind once more, thank God!" said he.

"I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. . . . What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

"We will take this psalm for our New Year's portion, Janet."

Mrs. Melbourne said nothing, for her joy and gratitude were too deep for utterance. But all through that happy day, and for many a bright day after, these words seemed to set themselves to sweetest music in her soul—"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? *I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.*"

Poetry.

BEARING THE CROSS.

The heavier cross, the nearer heaven;
No cross without, no God within:
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven,
Amidst the world's false glare and din.
Oh! happy he with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

The heavier cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustering fruit;
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

The heavier cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are;
If wind and sky were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross, the easier dying;
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying—
From life's distress, one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thou crucified! Thy cross I carry,
The longer may it dearer be;
And, lest I faint while here I tarry,
Implant Thou such a heart in me,
That faith, hope, love, may flourish there,
Till for my cross the crown I wear.

—*From the German.*

Reviews.

Sermons. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Vol. I. London: J. Heaton & Son.

WHAT Mr. Spurgeon is in this country, Mr. Beecher is in America,—the undisputed prince of preachers. And yet they have scarcely anything in common, except the genius of oratory. In their best moods sermons are not manufactures tediously and with labour put together, but inspired conceptions of truth breaking in successive flashes upon the minds of their auditors. They both differ from the majority of preachers by believing in the sanctity of humour; neither is afraid to make his hearers laugh if the occasion prompt. They are both men of undoubted genius, capable of great eloquence, and loyal to the great Master's cause. In all other respects there is no comparison between them; they are wide as the poles asunder.

Their theologies differ, not so much in substance, as in form. They have widely different ways of stating the same truths. The "elect," according to Mr. Spurgeon, are God's chosen people. The "elect," says Mr. Beecher, are "the whosoever will," and the non-elect are "the whosoever won't." But if they both sat down to talk their differences over, they would probably agree more closely than these forms of expression would lead us to expect. The American is more ambitious of stating a truth so as to win the philosophical; the Englishman, so as to win the popular ear. But both are resolved to win the earnest attention of their hearers, and they succeed. He must be an uncommonly stupid person who could go to sleep while either of these men is preaching. And their power is due, not only to the force of their direct statements, but to the ample, and almost infinite *illustrations*, of which they are capable.

The volume of sermons, by Mr. Beecher, which we here introduce to the attention of our readers, is an excellent sample of his average preaching. We purpose to make a few short extracts, which will give a better notion of the sermons than any attempt on our part to describe them. We especially commend them to the study of ministers, not as models to be slavishly imitated, but as suggestive of efficient ways of dealing with men's consciences on the greatest matters. They will find an Americanism here and there, but usually the style is good, clear, racy, impressive English. We dip at random into the volume for an extract, and here is one from the sermon on *Christian Heroism*, no better than thousands that could be selected:—

"There are heroes that fight battles besides those that are on battle-fields. Great and glorious men there are on battle-fields, fighting for the life of the country, for the life of liberty, for the life of justice, for the life of law; but there are other heroes besides those. I have seen the fight with poverty. Oh, how long a fight! how cunning the enemy! how sharp his weapons! How dreadful a battle is that which one must fight against poverty, especially if he has to go down in life, and change his circle in society, and, what is hardest of all, change it to the damage of his children! I do not think that a man who is half a man would find any trouble in being poor, if he could be poor alone. For it takes but little to keep a man alive; and there is, you know, but one alternative. A man standing by himself will certainly live, and there will be something to live on till he dies, and it is the best thing about it. The only alternative is, 'If I die I win: and until I die, I am sure to live somehow.' It does not hurt a man to be poor, if he is alone; but all a man's nerves he carries in the heart of those that he loves, so that when they suffer he suffers; and to take his companion down with him into poverty does hurt him. If they were grown up, he would not care. But they are *growing* up. The boys can take care of themselves very well, and can gain a position in the world; but that the girls should go out into life, and be kicked about like foot-balls, is too much for him to endure. I need not tell some of you how a man thinks about these things, and how the thought that his family must struggle with poverty cuts like a knife. Last week I met a brother, who, describing a friend of his, said he was like a man who had dropped a bottle, and broken it, and put all the pieces in his bosom, where they were cutting him perpetually. I have seen persons with troubles and cares that seemed like one that had fragments of glass in his bosom, that cut him, and that cut him the more the tighter he pressed them to his heart. Now, where a person that is poor, that is out of

health, that is surrounded by many discouragements, and that is made to suffer in various ways, lifts himself above his misfortunes, and cheers his companion and children, and fights want on this side and on that, and bears humiliation, putting it under his feet, without losing faith in God, and saying to all the world, 'I can be poor, and yet be a man'—oh, crown him! You pass him by; but you do not know what you are passing by. Kings sometimes walk incognito, and then they do not wear crowns. There are kings in your streets. There are men walking about in your midst that wear crowns in their hearts, which, if they were to put them on their heads, would shine so bright that you would think that twilight had dawned. There are thousands who understand and obey the injunction of the apostle, when he says, 'Quit you like men, be strong.' I tell you they are heroes; and angels know it, if you do not. And angels know what to write down. When you laid the foundation of that big house, they forgot to record that in heaven. And when the walls went up, and the beautiful apartments were finished, and the whole magnificent structure was completed, of the architecture of which you were so proud, as sure as you live, they forgot to put that down. And when you unrolled your rich carpet, and hung your fine pictures, they forgot to make a note of that. But when that man went down out of his splendid mansion into a fourth-class house, in an obscure street, shedding, it may be, some tears, as a tribute of nature, and gathered his little flock on the first evening around the fire, and made the room bright with love, and faith, and prayer, you may be certain that they put that down. They remembered that. And when that man went on from day to day, and from week to week, there was not one noble heart-beat, there was not one generous purpose of fidelity, there was not one resistance to temptation, there was not one thing that made him a man in his trouble, that God did not see, that angels did not behold, and that by-and-by will not be swung in glory in heaven."

Here is an appeal to his congregation (*Divine Visitations*), that must have told upon even the most careless:—

"O strong man! O fresh and vigorous youth! How strong you are, and how weak I am in your presence! I feel when I stand in such an august assemblage as this, very much as I should feel if I stood on the south shore of Long Island, and attempted to speak to the ever-rolling waves, or the winds that blow over their tops. Would the winds hear? Would the waves answer and obey? *Will you?*

"I have no power over you! If I had, I would set against you such a soul-current as would sweep every man among you toward the kingdom of heaven! Alas! alas! I never feel so weak as when I have preached a sermon in which I have wished from the bottom of my soul to move you;—when my argument is sped; when my statements are made; when my poor illustrations have feebly glimmered upon you; when my enthusiasm, my affections, all the little store that I have of experience, have been thrown out upon you; when I have tried to arrange the truth, and the illustrations of it, in the best way I knew how, to answer the occasion;—and then to look upon the faces of the audience, to see how little power I have wielded! I tell you that if I did not believe the doctrine of the grace of God striving upon the heart, I should despair every single year of my life! But when I set my little nature and being against the tide of you gigantic wickedness, and find how poor and feeble I am, I can turn to God, and say, 'I am not hopeless yet. O thou divine Being!—Thou, of whom the light is the symbol, Thou, of whom summer with all its prolific influences is only a faint token,—Thou canst do what man cannot do!'

"My dear friends, it is to that divine Spirit that I commend you to-night! May God in his infinite mercy give you another visitation, in the midst of the visitation of this church and community! Some of you are standing here for your last time! I feel a moral certainty of it! When I was penning the closing notes of this sermon, the names of some of you occurred to me, and I wrote them down and left them on my desk in my study. I wrote down those names, saying, 'It is the last time that these men may ever be awakened.' I do not know it to be so; but I have an underlying conviction, a heaviness of soul, an overshadowing feeling, that this is the last time that some of you will ever be pleaded with! You may have hereafter no such degree as you now have, of moral susceptibility! Very likely this is the last expiring glow of the ember, before eternal night shall shut you in with its darkness—unless you have mercy upon yourself! Oh, may God take care of the spark, and enkindle it to flame, until it shall burn and glow unto eternal life!"

One more extract, which shall be from the sermon *The Lord God a Sun*:—

"By the way, faith is a great thing. 'When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?' There is a superstition that God exists and governs; but I fear that with more than half of men that are Christians it is but a superstition—a sort of vague and fugitive conception that there is a God somewhere; a God that does not show himself much on earth; an historic God, that belonged to miraculous periods, but that now has gone away, or is shut up. Men have but a faint belief that there is a God. They scarcely see the glory of God in the heavens. Few persons think of the heavens now except as a practical and scientific realm. They do not see God in the handiwork of the earth. Few persons think of the earth now except as a thing having a marketable value. The earth—how much is it worth to the acre? The earth—what will the products of its mines bring? The earth

—how much is its timber worth? Men look upon mountains as machines for making showers; they look upon showers as machines for making harvests; they look upon harvests as machines for making money; and they look upon money as machines for making men! And they have so materialized the globe, that, whereas the sublime old Hebrew worshipper, walking forth, beheld God in the stars that whispered by night, in the sun that flamed by day, in the rain and the lightning and the thunder, and in all phenomena of nature, they have grown wise and scientific, and have hunted God out of our material globe, till at last he has become metaphysical. And as metaphysics are always of the nature of a spider's web, and of a spider's web spun so as to touch the sun and the moon, and not the spheres of the earth, we have spun a sort of metaphysical, spider's web God. I do not wonder that men tell you it is hard to conceive of God. We need to have a God brought near. The most glorious name of God in the whole Bible, to a material and pantheistic age, is *Immanuel*. I would write it on every sanctuary—Immanuel! I would inscribe it over every portal—Immanuel! I would flash it in the evening star—Immanuel! I would make the sun lift it up for a glorious banner in the morning—Immanuel! I would write it in the summer-day on the glacier, and in the winter on the bosom of the ice—Immanuel! *Immanuel!* What is Immanuel? Is it God? No; it is *God with us*. It is God brought down; it is God brought near; it is God brought within conditions of potency and realisation. Immanuel is what we need—a God that is realised. When we take the illustrations, the analogues, the images, and the symbols of the Bible, and bring God near to us by the light of the sun, by the shining of the moon, by the procession of the seasons, it is not all the Deity that we need, but it has its effect; it gives us a realisation of the divine existence and presence. And that is what we specially need—faith in a God: faith that there is such a thing; faith that there is an operative government, and that there is an influence that inspires and inspirits the whole human family."

There is not a sermon in the volume that is not richly suggestive; and, though we are writing in the *Baptist Reporter*, we will not refrain from saying that the publishers of these sermons have done the church and the ministry great service by giving us this cheap and beautifully-printed volume. We trust they will persevere in this enterprise; and if they will give us at the end of every half-year twenty-four such sermons for three shillings and sixpence, we predict a remunerative and ever-increasing sale.

Christian Cabinet.

A WEEPING SAVIOUR.

We stand upon the brow of the Mount of Olives, just as the sun has arisen in his splendour, tingeing with his bright beams the house-tops, turrets, and battlements of the holy city. There is the pool of Bethesda lying beneath us in its calm, pellucid beauty; while the waters of the Kedron, as they roll down the ravine, glitter like a silver thread in the rays of the sun. To this spot of quiet loveliness our Lord often retired, and it stands connected with some of the most memorable events of his life. He looks across the valley upon that city which had been the most highly favoured of any upon earth. There was that splendid temple, the glory of the whole earth, where the divine glory had so long shone from off the mercy-seat; where much prayer had been offered by holy men, of whom the world was not worthy; and where the blood of the sacrificial victim had flowed for a thousand years. Here the hosts of God's elect had come from every part of the land to pay their vows unto the Most High.

Our Lord saw that the day of that city's merciful visitation was about to come to an end. His eye looked across the gulf of forty years, and saw that proud city a desolation and a waste—not one stone left upon the top of another. Though on that bright morning all seems gay and joyful within her walls, our Lord sees that the time is at hand when the sounds of mirth would be exchanged for the wail of despair. Yea, his eye saw deeper and farther than this. He looked into the eternal world, and saw many of those who had enjoyed the most exalted privileges, who had seen our Lord's miracles, and listened to his faithful preaching, yet lost to all eternity! His bosom heaves, big tears of sorrow chase one another

down his sacred face, he spreads out his hands trembling with emotion, and cries: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not!"

In the weeping Saviour we see how intensely he longs for the salvation of men. Even a little of Christ's own spirit put into his own people makes them labour with a consuming zeal for the souls of men. What, then, must be the longings, the yearnings of that great heart of love, from which all such desires emanate! Jesus mourns over men, as he sees them rush to ruin, because he knows the awful nature of sin from which he alone can save them. For six thousand years men have tried to make sin appear a mere trifle. Sins against their fellow-men, against society, they may regard with abhorrence; but sins of the heart, sins against God, they make of little account. Let a man steal from his fellows, and he will be made an outcast from society; but he may rob God—rob him of his affections, his time, his talents, and yet be the idol of that very society. Let a man kill another, and the brand of the murderer is upon his brow, and society pushes him out of existence as one utterly unfit to live; but a man may crucify the Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame, and few will find any fault.

Now, Jesus sees sin as it is. He knows it as the abominable thing that God hates. He knows the strictness of God's law, and the eternal rectitude of his government, and that sin, unless repented of, must prove the soul's entire ruin. He has seen the effect of sin wherever it has spread in his vast dominions. And, O sinner! he sees at this moment how it is working your eternal ruin. You are being ruined by the deceitfulness of sin. Like the consumptive patient, that often will not believe that he is in any danger while the grave opens at his feet, so the sinner refuses to see that sin is hurrying him on to damnation. Over a sight so terrible the Saviour mourns, and longs for you to flee to him for pardon.

The Lord Jesus, also, sees the dreadful hereafter that is before the soul that refuses his salvation. Even with the light of the Bible flashing upon it, we can form but very little conception of the world of woe, the misery of lost souls in a state of eternal banishment from God. But the whole is open to the Saviour's eyes. He can see that man who has rejected him, not only as he is now, but as he will be a million of years hence, shrieking out his bitter despair! From his lofty throne in the heavens, he can look across the great gulf, and see the sinner's years of hopeless misery roll on! Seeing all this, as the eye of Omniscience alone can see it, is it any wonder that the loving Redeemer mourns over the sinner's madness? He sees that your day of mercy is almost gone, and that soon he may have to utter over you the same doleful cry that he uttered over guilty, lost Jerusalem: "O that thou hadst known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes!"

When we see the blessed Saviour feeling so deeply for sinners, and sinners so indifferent to him, how melancholy is the sight! The vast majority of those for whom he died scarcely think of him at all. Their minds are like the inn of Bethlehem, so filled and crowded with other objects that there is no room for Jesus. The very Being that gave them their thinking powers, and continues to them the power to think, they scarcely think of at all. The gracious Friend that watches constantly over their interests, that has loved them with a depth of affection that defies description, who does not forget them one moment, or the current of life would be chilled in their bosoms, and their souls go down to the world of despair—that blessed Benefactor they have banished from their hearts, saying: "Depart from us, we desire not a knowledge of thy ways!" O! does the whole history of ingratitude contain anything more darkly ungrateful than this? They may for a time banish reflection, and sport as gay and thoughtless as the butterfly amid their scenes of festive glory; but the time is at hand when the dark waves of Jordan's swelling flood will roll over them, and the coming realities of eternity will appal their hearts, while the voice from the eternal throne will overwhelm them with confusion: "Depart from me, ye cursed."

We see, then, that in one view the tears of Jesus over sinners are very alarming. They show that there is some

great danger—some fearful peril—to which they are exposed, which he sees and they do not, and which causes him thus to weep. If you had a friend that had been very sick, for many days his life hanging in suspense; you think him better, but the physician comes in and looks at him, and the big tears begin to roll down his cheeks; you would regard that as an alarming sign. So men may tell the sinner that there is no danger, that his soul is not in a dying condition, that there is no hell, and no need of any alarm, but these tears of Jesus tell a different story. Children weep over the loss of their toys, and men—but children of a larger growth—weep over the loss of their fortunes; but it is no trifle that moves to tears the Lord Jesus.

In the tears of Jesus, we see the tenderness of God towards us. It is pleasant to think of God's omnipotence only as we see it joined with infinite love. When we look at Jehovah's power, as seen in his works, to what atoms and nonentities are we reduced in his awful presence! Before the glance of his eye who builds his throne with gems of insufferable glory, we feel awed and confounded. Away down deep in our moral consciousness, we feel that we deserve to have God's power arrayed against us. We remember his power, and are troubled. But in the tears shed over us by God in our nature, we see that God is love. We see his tenderness of compassion, and feel the throbbings of his great heart of love. And as we see him letting down to us from the heavens the golden chain of the promises, and as we take hold of it by the hand of faith, we know that it will never fail us, because the hand of infinite love and power united has hold of the other end.

LOVABLE CHRISTIANS.

PAUL paints the portrait of the true Christian in the eighth verse of the closing chapter of his letter to the Philippians. Here it is: the portrait is one that he might have written his own name under when it was done.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, *whatsoever things are lovely*, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

In the former part of the verse, Paul paints the strong features of the Christian—his truthfulness, his honesty, and his uncompromising sense of right. These are such deep lines as Michael Angelo painted in his figure of Moses and of the stern heroes of the prophetic era.

But, just as a great artist, having delineated the piercing eye, the majestic brow, and the leonine mouth of his hero, throws in the soft touches that give a womanly sweetness to the visage, so Paul completes his portrait by presenting loveliness and *admirableness* as the crowning attractions of the Christian character. "Whatsoever things are *lovely*," he says, and "whatsoever things are of good report." This is the only place in the New Testament in which this word "lovely" is to be found. It literally signifies what is *dear* to any one. It is that quality in the Christian character that engages the affections of all who come into its presence. The phrase "things of good report" also occurs in this passage alone. It means that which excites admiration and wins approbation. The two expressions together signify in plain English—"*be lovable;* let your life win the hearts of all around you."

It was well that the apostle put in this finishing stroke. It was well to remind the most conscientious Christian that he should strive to render his religion attractive to others. For not every good man's piety is lovable. Some men's religion has too much acidity to taste well. Others sour their religion with an intense censoriousness. Their conversation is enough to set every one's teeth on edge. After an hour's talk with them, you think the worst of even the best men you know. They are crabbed Christians. Everybody respects them, but nobody loves them. We once had a venerable and most godly-minded officer in our church, who never did a wrong act to my knowledge; and yet he never did a pleasant one either. He was a perfect chestnut-burr. There was a deal of good solid "meat" in him, but no one liked to prick his fingers in coming at it. So the rugged old man was left to go on

his way to heaven, working and praying and scolding as he went; but even the children in the street were almost afraid to speak to him. A drop or two of the *apostle John* in his composition would have made him a glorious specimen of a Christian. We hope that he has become *mellower* by this time in the sunny atmosphere of heaven.

There is also a sanctimonious set-face which some people wear, that is anything but attractive. We once dealt with such a man in business; and we always counted carefully the change he gave us back after a purchase. We did it instinctively. For we had an uncomfortable suspicion that his manner of look and speech was a *mask* to hide from the world a designing nature. Perhaps we did him injustice; but the fault was his own in wearing so repulsive a sanctimoniousness.

A lovable Christian is one who hits the golden mean between easy, good-natured laxity of conscience on the one hand, and stern, ungenial moroseness on the other. He is sound, and yet ripe, sweet, and mellow. He never incurs contempt by yielding to men's sinful prejudices—nor does he incur the antipathy of others by doing right in a hateful, surly, or bigoted way.—*Rev. T. D. Cuyler.*

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

BEGINNING AT HOME.

It was the evening of the day of rest, and in the glory of the waning sunlight, two young labourers in the Master's vineyard wandered through the meadows side by side. In the vale below them lay the village which had witnessed the day's pleasant, and yet —to* the body—wearying exercises; around them corn waved gracefully in the cool breeze, or new-mown hay gave forth its fragrance; and between more distant hills a glimpse of the wide ocean met the eye. And to this spot they came, that they might hold communion with each other and with God.

The elder of these friends,—the pastor of the little band who weekly gathered in the chapel on the outskirts of the village,—might at a glance be known as a man of no ordinary intellect; there were the noble forehead and the piercing eye, the bright smile and the earnest manner, so all-fascinating in the child of genius; and above it all a something which told of a dedication, unreserved and joyful, to the service of the Highest. The younger, too, was gifted,—how else could he have held such close communion with Paul Merriston?—he, too, had given himself with holy joy to God and to his service; yet was his a different sphere. In the battle with the cares of this world, and with the deceitfulness of riches, he had apparently a more active part; in preaching Christ to all around he had more difficulty, because his natural inclinations led him to reserve and even diffidence. Still, in the Sabbath school, at the prayer-meeting, and in those quiet walks, he was ever to the pastor a dear friend, a willing helper; and the ardent Christian love which had sprung up between them since Paul Merriston first settled in the village was a thing of joy to both.

They had been talking now of Christian usefulness, and Henry, making a personal application of the sermon of the morning, had first expressed his earnest longing for a larger sphere, and then reproached himself for doing what he *had* to do so ill.

"I can quite understand your sense of feeble working," said his friend, "but I cannot think your sphere a narrow one."

"Why not?"

"Because I see you doing much good now, and I see much more which you *might* do."

"You see more than I see," said Markham, smiling.

"May I hint at one of the opportunities which I see?"

"Yes, on condition that you help me to avail myself of it."

"I do not know that I can," said the young minister thoughtfully; "but you

may have a higher help than mine." There was a moment's pause, and then the question came,—

"Why not *begin at home?*"

Henry Markham started,—his face flushed, and he looked out upon the strip of ocean in the distance, with eyes dimmed with tears. There was another silence, and then, with all a woman's gentleness, Paul leaned upon the shoulder of his friend, and gave him faithful, loving counsel.

But why should Henry Markham start thus at the mention of his home? Why should that simple question wake so much emotion? Just for this reason, that *to him alone* of all his family the light of God had come; and that he hitherto had lacked the courage to press home to any one of them the solemn truths which had brought healthful sorrow and the highest joy to his own soul.

True, there were difficulties in the path,—unusual difficulties; for his father,—outwardly professing much respect for the religion of the Bible,—was still at heart a worshipper of gold alone. His mother, an active, bustling housewife, although proud of her son's intellectual acquirements, could scarcely tolerate his being, as she said, "so extra-good." His elder brother, well to do in the world's regard, and proud of residence in busy London; his sisters, one of them an invalid, but seldom equal to the excitement of conversation, and the other a romping, laughing girl of sixteen summers,—all were ranged against him, all appeared to shut their ears to the sweet message which he longed to whisper to them. All, while they loved him fondly for all else, almost despised him, as he thought, for his devotion to his Master, and renunciation of the pleasures of the world. Yet, notwithstanding the peculiarity of his position, conscience would whisper still that duty, plain and obvious duty, had been long neglected, and that Mr. Merriston was right in urging him to let his usefulness begin at home.

"But does it not appear to you," asked Henry, presently, "that there is really more difficulty in conversing on religious subjects with our relatives, than with friends such as you are, Paul, or even strangers?"

"It is not *natural* that it should be so; but I believe that it *is* thus with multitudes, and in such cases prayerful effort must be made to break through the restraint and awkwardness experienced, so that our duty, here so evident, may be performed."

Ah, who can tell the value of one tried and truthful Christian friend? There *are* a few such in this world of ours; happy are those who by experience know their worth. Markham had seldom prized the pastor's friendship more than on this evening, when he spoke with censure—gentle but decided—of the past, and hopefulness—bright, cheering hopefulness—of time to come.

"What should I do without you?" he said, smiling, as with almost girlish lingering they stood at the pastor's door.

"Better than I without you," was the quick reply; "mine would be a solitary state indeed, but for my brother Harry."

"This parson seems to be a great friend of yours," said Robert Markham, the next evening. Robert had come home for a fortnight's rustication, as he called it, and was to leave again next day.

"Yes," replied Harry, "we get on very well together, I think."

"Well, well," said the young merchant, hastily, "for my part I have never any faith in these romantic friendships; but every man to his liking."

Harry stood hesitating what to say. Here was a golden opportunity! They were alone. Robert was somewhat softened by the thought of parting on the morrow. *Should* he speak?

"I suppose we must say, 'Good night' then," said Robert, noticing his hesitation; "are you waiting for anything?"

"Yes, Robert, I have something to say to you."

"Say on!" said Robert, with a wondering stare.

"You must have thought me very unconcerned about your interests, since I have never spoken to you on the subject which is, to me, as you well know, the most important in the universe." The young man paused, hoping his brother would say *something;* but Robert went on packing his portmanteau without speaking a single word.

"Oh, Robert, I feel sure that you must

sometimes long for peace and rest such as no earthly gain can bring to you; will you not let me, younger, and yet happier, perhaps, than you, beg you to seek for peace *only* through faith in Christ?"

The silence which ensued was broken by the elder brother, in his usual tone, —"Call me in the morning, Harry, will you? Good night."

"Good night," said Harry, with an aching heart. "Oh, why," he murmured, as he threw himself upon his bed, "why did I speak to him at all? —he treats it with contempt—how mad I was to think that he would heed my words!"

Three or four days passed by, and, still encouraged by his friend, Markham was waiting for another opportunity of usefulness in the home circle. He felt more forcibly than ever, that something more than the quiet example of former days was needed, if he would be the instrument of leading any of his dear ones to true peace: they would expect of him, even if they confessed it not, that he should seek to lead them to the joys which he believed so precious; and, if he failed to make such effort, they might well think in their secret hearts that he cared little whether they were lost or saved! Especially was he concerned for Esther, the poor invalid of whom we spoke. Esther had ever loved her brother Robert with a love which coldness and neglect on his part never seemed to lessen, and which the kindness he had shown on this last visit had considerably heightened. And thus it was that Henry found her weeping over his return to London.

"You must bear up better than this," said he, as he bent over her; "Robert will write to you very often, dear."

"I know he will," she said, "but I am so weak now, I cannot keep from tears; and, besides, when Robert leaves me, I feel as if my best, my truest friend were gone."

"Nay," said her brother tenderly, "there is a friend who never leaves his loved ones, and whom you may have for ever by your side."

She turned away with a gesture of impatience.

"Esther, I know that you are tried and tempted much,—oh! when will you seek strength from heaven in all?"

"When I am better, I will talk to you," she answered quickly.

"And why not now, dear?" asked he earnestly;—and then, praying for help, he poured into her ear some of the loving invitations of the Gospel, watched until she sank to gentle slumber, and so left her.

He could not speak to his father or his mother *yet*,—a time might come when such thing could be done, but not just now,—so there was only Minnie,—noisy, laughing Minnie,—could he gain *her* ear?

"Minnie," he said one evening, when they were alone, "are we travelling both together, Minnie?"

"Where?" she said, laughingly.

"To heaven!" said Harry, with an arm around her waist; "we love each other dearly, Minnie, do we not? Shall we be parted when we come to die?"

To his great surprise she leaned her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Oh, why," she cried, "why did you not speak to me, Harry, long ago?"

How his conscience smote him then!

"For weeks," said Minnie, weeping still, "for weeks I have wanted you to talk to me, and have thought you did not care for me, because you never said one word!"

"I did not know," said Harry, in a trembling voice; "and I am very, very sorry, Minnie, dear; my usefulness *should* have begun at home, and for the future I do hope it will!"

And Minnie, sitting by his side, her gaiety, which had of late been but a hateful mask, all passed away, opened her heart to him and told him all. *His* Bible, left upon his table, had been her daily study, and by its means she had been led to deep anxiety,—and now it was for Henry, with all gentleness, to guide her, by God's blessing, to the only refuge for the heavy-laden soul.

And scarcely had he left her, that he might in secret mourn over the past, rejoice in the glad present, and implore aid for the future, when a servant placed a letter in his hand. It was from Robert; and he read as follows:—"I have been thinking, my dear fellow, over my goings-on that night before I left. The fact is, I did not know what to say to you. I had often expected you would begin upon it, and determined

that if you did, I would soon settle the matter with you; but when you *did* speak, I was nonplussed! Now, if you want to write to me about it, do so; I have no objection in the world; it's as well to write about that as anything else.—Yours, Robert."

Was this a sign of better times? Henry thought it was.

Long years have passed since then, and tall grass waves over the resting-place of Esther Markham, on whose simple gravestone—placed by a brother's love—the brief inscription tells us that "she sleeps in Jesus." To Robert her death-bed has taught the lesson, which all must learn or perish; and he seeks to lay up treasure, now, in heaven. Minnie, sweet Minnie, as a missionary's bride, has crossed the deep blue sea. Paul Merriston, at duty's call, has gone to a more arduous sphere of labour; and, in old age and feebleness, Mr. and Mrs. Markham listen to their son's respectful teachings as regards the world to come; but in the midst of all these changes, Henry Markham keeps the lesson of that Sabbath eve in view, and, with his children grouped around his chair, he takes heed that his usefulness *begins at home!*

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I WAS standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun was then shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a cold, bracing feeling in the air, and a keen north-west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a *poor*, ill-clad child: her clothes were scant and thread-bare; she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice, and she fell, with a cry of pain: but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and, jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavoured to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a soft, sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of a jeweller's shop close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me." How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked!

"Oh, I cannot," said the child, "I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more work to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman—"to-night?"

"Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes; for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and—"

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but *I*, yes, I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—written; but—I shall not tell it.

"And where does your mother live, little girl?"

So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes, that they might have bread; but that sometimes they were very hungry, and sometimes they were very cold; and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little

girl—but she gave her nothing else; no, not even one sixpence; and, turning away, went back into the shop from which she had just come out. As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and, stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then, with her little bare feet colder then they were before, ran quickly away. *I* went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow, damp street, and into a small, dark room; and I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother—but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the babe slept; and the mother laid it on her own lap, and the bundle was unrolled; and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a *little* piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and, folding her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept, and dreamed—oh, such pleasant dreams! —of warm stockings, and new shoes; but the mother sewed on, alone. And as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slippers, came there no repining into her heart? When she thought of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room, and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good and nice, one little portion of which spared to her would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling? If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repiningly, there came also another; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me; for thou doest all things well, and I will yet trust thee."

Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little old grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow"—and she was gone: only, as she went out, I heard her say—"*Better than diamonds! better than diamonds!*" What could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went away too; and I went to a bright room, where there were music, and lights, and sweet flowers; and I saw young, happy faces, and beautiful women, richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew; until one passed me, whose dress was of simple white, with only a rosebud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper glittered upon her foot: but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was indeed as an angel of God.

THE LITTLE POND IN THE ROCK.

The cool drops of a summer shower fell copiously on a small rocky island in the Pacific Ocean. There were no cornfields on it to water, no pastures to keep green for cattle, no fruits to nourish, no roots to feed for man or beast, and yet this shower fell as abundantly, and the raindrops pattered as joyfully, as if it had the great grainfields of the nation to fit for the harvest, and the farmer's blessing to follow it.

And as the rain fell, it trickled down to a low place among the rocks, and made a rude pond there, clear, pure, beautiful, and sparkling. No little dog lapped it, no cows came to drink there, no wild beast slaked his thirst there; perhaps a stray sea-bird dipped in its bill, and then took wing, leaving the

little pond all by itself alone. And could we have seen it we might have said, "Ah, useless little pond, why are you here?" and thinking a moment longer, have added, "Well, you will soon dry up. No matter; nobody sees you; nothing is the better for you." But when we think and say so, we leave out God. God saw the little pond. He formed it; he delighted in it; and had a purpose in it. It was as much a part of his great plan in making the universe as you and I are.

The *Townsend*, a brave ship, is ploughing its watery way to California. It is loaded with coal. Its voyage is almost over. They are within a few weeks of San Francisco.

"Is it not stinging hot on shipboard?" said the second mate one morning.

"Hot weather, sir," answered a sailor.

These decks have an unnatural heat, thought the second mate. He ran to the ventilators, which let in air to the hold of the ship, and a stream of hot air nearly suffocated him. Hurrying to the captain, "Sir," said he, "the ship's on fire!"

An examination was instantly made. The coal had ignited, and sure enough the ship was on fire from stem to stern.

The horrors of such a situation on mid-ocean, who can describe? Two boats, manned and provisioned, put to sea with the crew, escaping for their lives. The ship was soon one mass of flame, and at last nothing was seen but her smoking hulk hissing in the water. The sea was rough, and on the second day one of the boats capsized. The poor sailors were picked up by the other boat, in which twenty-four men now found shelter, and close quarters it was.

For fourteen days and ten hours they were tossed on the wild ocean; water gone, provisions gone, all but a little salt cake.

"Water, water, water!" was the agonizing cry.

On the fifteenth day a small island hove in sight. They made for it, and drifting into a little cove, climbed out upon the rocks; but so cramped, so wet, so weak were they, they could scarcely drag themselves up its shaggy sides. When at last they did, what sight rewarded their exertions? Water, water, pure water, fresh water, sparkling water. It was the little pond in a hollow of the rocks. They ran to it, they rolled themselves in it, and, falling down, plunged in their parched lips and drank. Health, strength, hope, were in every draught. They blessed it, they wept over it, they thanked God for it, and more, they had a meal by it. Some of the sailors picked the green leaves of a tropical plant which grew in the crevices of the rocks; others, ranging the shore for drift-wood to make a fire with, found on the beach an old boat bottom up. Turning it over, what should they see but two skeletons of some poor shipwrecked sailors like themselves cast on its desolate shores? Filling a kettle, they boiled the salt cake and greens together, and made a soup for supper. Oh, how good it tasted!

Then did they lie down to sleep?

"No," said Captain Wooderson, "not till we all fill our kegs and kettles with the water."

Why not put it off till to-morrow? But it was impressed upon the captain's mind to do it then, and everything that could hold water was filled. The tired men threw themselves on the rocks and went to sleep, nor did they wake till the sun was high up in the sky next morning. Waking up, they found the water in the hollow of the rock had gone. The little pond had vanished.

It was the Sabbath. Some of the crew wanted to take the boat and start off again.

"No," said the captain, "God is here. The God who gave us water out of the rock is God of the Sabbath. We will rest on this island to-day, and honour him."

So they did, and the next day, on the strength of what God had done for them, they pushed off from the rocky island to pursue their lonely voyage, where, they hardly knew.

Before two days another island hove in sight. It proved to be Juan Fernandez, where Robinson Crusoe was once cast away. But they found things in a better condition for them than in Crusoe's day. The British government now keeps a depôt of supplies there for shipwrecked mariners, and the poor sailors on landing found a hearty welcome—food, clothing, shelter, and a

doctor, which some of them by this time were in sore need of.

"Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he brought them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so he brought them into a desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

THE MAN WITH A LANTERN.

A MINISTER was called from home on a mission of mercy; the case was urgent; a dangerous marsh must be crossed, which it was impossible to reach before nightfall, and he could hardly expect to pass over in the darkness, unharmed. But he recognized the call as imperative, the love of Christ constrained him, and, casting all his care upon the heavenly Friend, he pushed on through the gloom. Urging his horse along the dangerous pathway, he at length reached a frightful point in his perilous journey; the darkness was profound; a single wrong step might be fatal; and for an instant he paused.

At that moment a light appeared; nearer and nearer it came,—what could it betoken in that lonely, uninhabited spot? Directly a stranger came in sight, bearing a lantern, and courteously guided the benighted minister to a place of safety.

"And thus," said the man of God, "have I ever found it through life; when all has been enveloped in gloom, and in no way could I extricate myself, 'a man with a lantern' has come to my aid."

God has said, "Let there be light."

A missionary, when pressed by poverty and want, was in the habit of specifying in prayer his special need. One day, potatoes, meal, and salt were all lacking. Nothing could be hoped from the "subscription;" some church members living at a distance would doubtless bring relief if the necessities of the case could be laid before them, but that was impossible. Prayer was their only refuge, and he who feedeth the ravens heard their cry.

Next morning a rough, swearing man, living miles away, came driving his team through the bushes. Presently stopping, he tossed some bags into the grass, saying,

"There's a trifle for your babies; *that's* a bag of potatoes, the other is meal, and at the end of the sack you'll find a few pounds of salt; perhaps you'll smile when I tell you I had a queer notion that I must put that in; if you don't need it, it won't do any harm."

Who would have thought this messenger would have come "with the lantern"? Answers to prayer often reach us through unexpected instrumentalities.

Sickness on the frontier; ah! the terror of that thought; an entire family prostrated, and none to help! Thus it was one autumn with the Fosters; first the parents, then the children; the former, rallying, bent over the wasted forms of their little ones, in great weakness watching them through long nights and sultry days until, exhausted, they could watch no more; and sinking upon the floor, besought the Lord to send them a friend.

Morning broke, and with it came an answer to their petition, in the person of one least expected or desired, and who, under happier circumstances, would have been greeted coldly; little did they know that under that repulsive manner throbbed a tender heart.

"I could not sleep last night," said the neighbour, "I was so troubled about you; and now if you can put up with my rough ways, I should like to help you."

And what a help that strong-armed woman was, as she tenderly arranged the sick ones upon freshly-made beds, and laid their aching heads upon smooth, sweet pillows!

Ah, *she* was a messenger with a lantern! and verily the place grew beautifully "light about her."

Dear reader, let us not only pray that in our hours of darkness a messenger with a lantern may come to us, but that we, in our turn, may bear to the benighted and tempest-tossed its cheering rays.

A Page for the Young.

THE GOLDEN CROWN.

A LEGEND.

MANY, many years ago, when there were no railways or telegraphs, when the swiftest things were the wings of little birds, and the passage over the great ocean was left very much to the swallow or the redwing, it happened that, in a tall fir-tree, lived a wren and his family.

The wind often rocked that stately tree, and tossed its branches; the rain, and the snow, and the mist, knew every nook in its thick foliage, and every twist in its red boughs. But some nooks there were where they could not enter. They might run off the resinous pines in silvery drops, or rest on their thick stiff points in icy piles, but no farther could they go. Underneath were safe little shelters, where soft brown wings and downy feathers could keep dry and warm; where the old nest still held together; and where, pressed heart to heart, brotherly love and the kind old tree were strong enough to do battle with the spears of King Frost.

Very little birds were the wrens, no bigger in those old days than now; but (says the legend) there was one difference—the soft brown heads boasted no golden crown.

Well, it was one sharp morning in early spring; cold east winds had been blowing for many weeks, nipping the few violet buds which had tried to peep out under the hedges, and telling them plainly enough that they had better wait awhile. "More haste than good speed," said the East Wind to the violets.

The wren and his family had had a hard winter, but they had managed to live on with the help of those warm nooks; and now it was time to think about a nest. The willow wren, who claimed to be a sort of cousin, had been seen once or twice, and that was a sure sign of April; and so Mrs. Wren had been busy for several days hunting for moss and twigs, and had already finished the outside of the nest, and only wanted the blankets and counterpanes inside. Now she sought for the soft hair of the red cow; for the scattered down of the swan and the heron; and the white wool from the chieftain's sheepfold, to make all snug and soft.

"Well, how does the nest get on?" asked a pert sparrow one morning, as —with head cocked on one side—he alighted on the fir-tree. "I shall wait a bit for mine till somebody else builds it for me. Ha! ha! that's my way!" laughed the sparrow.

"Is that very kind—to take somebody's nest?" asked the wren.

"Very wise!" replied the sparrow.

The wren made no answer. She was off for more wool, to go on with her nest. Work away, little wren!

Somebody else was out this cold morning, long ago. It was a tall, weary-looking man, with a little boy. He was a poor serf, and worked for the baron who lived in the gray castle on yonder hill. He, too, had found the winter long and hard; and as he looked down on the child by his side, and saw how thin he was, and how loosely the sheepskin hung about his sharp little shoulders, he muttered bitter, angry words, for his heart was sad and heavy. The boy, too, had caught the shadow on his father's thoughts, and his merry voice was silent.

But just at that moment a tiny bird alighted on a branch of the forest overhead and chirped merrily. It seemed as if it said: "Cheer up, brother; better days will come;" and as the child caught sight of it, he clapped his hands and ran joyously after it through the rustling leaves, and a little lamp of hope began to glimmer in the heart of the poor serf. If his child could be happy, that was something to live for.

That little bird was the wren, on one of his journeys from the nest. Chirping still, he flew away to a neighbouring hut. It was built of logs from the forest, through the chinks of which you might see the feeble flicker of a fire. The wren peeped timidly in, and there was a poor sick girl crouching on the ground by the side of a few burning sticks. She looked very sad and hopeless, and was leaning her head on her hand.

Then the wren perched on the roof

of the hut, and sang a low, sweet song. He told her that he and his dear little family had often been cold and hungry in the long winter, but never quite starved; that they had sometimes seen the fierce jay go by, and had caught the blue gleam of his feathers through the leaves, and yet had escaped falling a prey to his sharp beak; and so he had learned to hope and trust, and to think that some one very strong and kind was watching over even such small weak things as he with an untiring love; and if so, why not over man also? So sang the little wren, till he felt as happy as if it had been the warmest summer day.

What a pity the poor girl could not understand!

Perhaps she did a little; at any rate, she very much liked to hear him. It was like the voice of a friend. The wren thought she knew all about what he was saying, and after that he tried every day to sing to man of hope, and love, and trust.

What a pity if man did not understand!

But a bright angel—coming down from heaven on some mission of mercy—heard the song. He heard it a long way off, for it was one he knew well in his own home. It seemed that the little wren had learned one of the songs of heaven; and as the angel listened, he felt full of joy to think that the glory of the Highest could reach even the humblest creature, and light up its innocent heart.

So he came near and touched the bird's tiny head, and lo, at his touch the feathers turned to gold; and ever since, this kind of wren has had a golden crown, because, in his little way, he tried to teach man that God is love.

So says the legend.

Would any of the children like a golden crown? Then let them remember that a contented heart which trusts in God is always happy; and that to those who trust him, and live a life of love to him and to their fellow-creatures, he will give "the blessings of goodness." He will "set a crown of pure gold on their heads."

Our Sunday Schools.

CHILDREN'S ANSWERS.

I HAVE often thought what a useful record it would be, if teachers were in the habit of noting down any striking answers they have received from their scholars. I do not mean simply very good answers—I am rather thinking of wrong answers; answers that were totally different from anything the teacher expected. Every wrong answer has a foundation of some sort. It was arrived at by a certain train of thought passing through the mind of the child, quite peculiar to itself, perhaps, but not the less worthy of attention on that account.

We all know what a great help a wrong answer has sometimes been to us in teaching a class; how it has led us on to explain something which we should not have otherwise thought needed any explanation; how it has brought out one question after another, and one answer after another, till all the class appear to be taking a more lively interest in the subject than was the case ten minutes previously.

True, this may lead to more talking than teaching, but a little talking in the class, I am inclined to think, is far from objectionable, especially when it has the effect of leading some little one to ask the teacher a question, simple enough, probably, but one which needed a little explanation to bring the subject within reach of a child's understanding, while the rest of the class listen with earnest attention, all the time regarding, with admiring interest, the one who has had the courage to speak.

I do not mean that we are always prepared to be thus suddenly thrown out of our track, and to make the most of such an opportunity, as we might have done had we anticipated the answer beforehand; but still we should be careful not to let these occasions pass by unnoticed, and it will not be difficult for the teacher to encourage this sort of question and answer to a

certain point, and then quietly and firmly to return to the subject in hand.

Just at this moment I have one or two instances of these answers in my mind, though I might have brought forward many others if I had only noted them down at the time.

Once a week I am in the habit of taking a class in our infant school. The little ones read through a few verses of the New Testament, two or three times over, and then follow the questions and answers. Amongst such very little ones, these answers are sometimes very wide of the mark, but not the less useful in showing how a child's thoughts may be taking an entirely wrong direction until the teacher brings them back to the point.

I need hardly remark, if you ask a child, "What is an angel?" how frequently the answer will be, "Some good man who has died and gone to heaven." Now, surely, the youngest child ought to know, and will very soon understand, that the angels sang praises to God when the world was created, long before the first "good man" died; that those who thus die shall wear white robes like the angels, be "equal unto the angels," "like unto the angels," but that the angels we read of in the Bible, who came down to earth with messages from on high, were never the spirits of good men who had died.

This is not a trifle. Correct ideas on this point may be, in after life, a great safeguard against superstition.

We had been reading one morning about the star in the East, which led the wise men to Bethlehem, when a very little boy, who was at all times inclined to talk a little, beginning as usual with "Please, teacher," told me how his father had taken him out a few evenings before, how all the stars were shining very bright, and how they walked from —— Street as far as the school, and whenever they moved, the stars seemed to move also; whenever they stood still, the stars stood still; and wherever they went, the stars were still over their heads.

Rather difficult to enter upon astronomy in an infant school! Yet, I think the little fellow was able to take in what I said in reply about the stars being so very high above us, such a very long way off, that even if we went away a hundred miles, the same stars would be still over our heads, unless we went quite to the other side of the world, and then we should see different stars. "And now suppose, when you had seen all the stars standing still, one very bright one had moved on before you, and then when you went on, it had still gone before you, till at last it stood still over some particular house, should you not have thought that very wonderful?" "O yes, teacher," said all the class, thoroughly interested by this little conversation.

"Well, this is what the wise men saw. They knew a great deal more about the stars than you or I can know; and when God sent one bright, beautiful star, which moved differently to all the others, they saw it directly, and followed it till it brought them to Bethlehem."

On another occasion we had been reading about the storm on the Lake of Galilee, and I asked them some questions as to what made the waves, which were sometimes so still and quiet, at others so rough and big.

"Because they grow," said one little boy; while another, who was rather a determined guesser, always ready with an answer of some sort, answered, "The fishes make them."

Now I must acknowledge that it had never entered into my head to suppose that any children would think waves were things of life, which would grow like plants, and trees, and little boys; or that they were the work of the fishes who lived beneath them; but I found that only one child, who immediately said it was the wind, and I think one or two others, had ever seen the sea at all. Consequently their ideas of waves were very indefinite indeed.

We had read, one day, the words, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also;" and I asked, "What is a treasure?" when one child said it was "a box with a little place in it." Of course this was simply a misunderstanding, and the child was thinking of the treasury at the temple door into which the worshippers put their offerings, but it necessarily led to an explanation of the word, in some such way as this: "Have you never seen your mother take the baby up in her arms and call it a little treasure?" "O yes," they answered with a smile, be-

cause they all understood this. "Well, why does your mother say that?" "Because she loves it very much indeed."

Amongst older children there is often the same necessity to explain the meaning of words. For instance, I have found a whole class of boys, by no means backward children, unable to give any explanation of the word "infallible," in Acts i. The only meaning they could attach to it was that it was something like infinite or invisible, some power which belonged to Jesus as God.

In the infant class I have before referred to, after reading about the many times Jesus showed himself to his disciples after his resurrection, one little boy came up to me with the earnest question, "But, please teacher, where was Jesus then?" in a tone which showed that his simple faith had fully received the doctrine of that risen life, when Jesus was so frequently seen amongst his disciples, yet no longer dwelling amongst them as before. Yet even this question led to a little more talking with the class; as to Jesus showing his disciples the marks of the nails in his hands and his feet, thus proving that he had risen with the same body which had been crucified, yet changed and glorified—a body which could never suffer pain or death again;—and that even so will it be with those who love and believe in him; for they shall be made "like unto him, for they shall see him as he is," and shall "awake in his likeness."

I have thus put down a few of the answers which at this moment occur to my mind, and shall be very glad if it should prove any help to other teachers in making use of children's answers as a help in teaching.

THE MASTER-KEY.

"MAMMA, I feel as if I must give up my work in the ragged school. I never shall do any good there," said Ellen F—— on the day appointed for her usual visit.

"Your work, my Ellen, or the Lord's?" asked her mother. "If it is your work, you must do as you please; but if the Lord's work, should you not consult him about it? You thought when you began it was his good pleasure to employ you."

"Yes, mamma; but he has not given me any encouragement to feel that he blesses me in it, and I have gone now for nearly a year."

"And you are already weary in well-doing? My dear child, let it not be so; for in *due season* you shall reap, if you faint not; only be content to walk by faith, and not by sight. Sow the seed, cast the bread; the fields and the waters are not yours, but God's, and he who bade us use the means, designs the end. Think, my Ellen, if the Lord Jesus had given up his work when he was rejected and despised, when he came to his own and they received him not, you and I must have been at this moment as utterly heathen and ignorant as the worst of those children who come to the ragged school; for no glad Gospel would ever have shone on the shores of Britain."

"Yes, dear mother, I know it; but they do not improve, they are fearfully trying, and I think I cannot be fitted for a teacher of such children."

"You can easily decide that for yourself. If you feel in your heart love to the Lord Jesus Christ, and love for perishing souls; if you go in faith and prayer, I should say you are a chosen vessel to bear a blessing with you, as fit as any there; for there are not many who are willing at all, and those who are can ill be spared from the little band of Christ's volunteers. But, if you have not love, nor faith, nor——"

"Oh, mamma, I have been impatient! I will try yet longer before I can dare to give up; and you will pray for me and my poor ragged ones, whom I do long to see clothed and seated at the feet of Jesus. But there is one most awful child among them; I believe she comes only to disturb and annoy me, and make the rest of them worse than they would be. If I could get rid of her, perhaps we might do better."

That *awful* child! yes, such she certainly was, a very child of darkness, with a daring impudent face, a bold manner, a rough voice; a hardened creature, whom it seemed impossible to tame or rule; insolent in speech, and full of mischief; and yet she came from her street life of theft to turn into the ragged school in the evening and join a class of girls, for no reason she could give except that she chose to do so.

"She does indeed look bad," said Mrs.

F——, after gazing for a few moments on the class where her daughter was about to take her seat, and where the girl in question had been pointed out, or rather had made herself known without introduction. "Yes; but, my Ellen, beware how you drive that child away; the very grasp of Satan is upon her. Oh try what prayer and love can do; try to have the mind of Christ, when publicans and sinners, and those possessed with devils, came around him."

The gentle Christian girl, comforted and encouraged, sat down to her task, and was observed often to cast a look of tender compassion on the creature by her side, who went over her usual pranks with great impudence; yet Ellen felt no anger. "Poor forlorn thing," thought she to herself; "yes, I do love your soul; I love it with the love of compassion; and it will not be untrue to tell you so."

As she went on with her chapter she dwelt on the compassion of Jesus, and the invitations of his grace, and the happy results of being made to trust and love him. Silence had been kept for a little, and the children were gazing earnestly in her face, listening with interest, when the young tyrant of the class, as if stirred up by the spirit of evil in fear lest some good should be done, burst out angrily and loudly, "I don't care for what you say. I don't care for God, or Jesus, or you either. I don't love any of you. I don't care for you, I say." A murmur rose among the other children. "For shame! oh, for shame!" said several; "she's very kind; we do love her." And one little creature slid close up to Ellen, and looked in her face, with eyes full of tears. "Yes, teacher," said she, softly; "I love you and care for what you say, and, if I had bread and you hadn't, I'd give you some."

Ellen's heart bounded with joy, and she smiled her thanks to the little pleasure-giver, and, looking towards the wretched girl whose speech had called forth this gratifying token, "and you, dear girl, you would do the same. You do not really mean what you say. You feel kind, sometimes, don't you?"

"No, I do mean it. I wouldn't give you a bit," boldly replied she.

"Well," said Ellen, with a little sigh, and wiping away the tear which had started at the unexpected expression of feeling; "well, I am very sorry, for it is not like what I feel for you. I would gladly share my bread with you: and, if you don't love me, I love you; for I come a long way to meet you here, and try to teach you about the blessed Saviour, who loves us all."

The girl was staring in her face, and while she spoke the bold eye quailed, and the sturdy frame began to tremble, and the lately insolent lip quivered with strong emotion. Ere the last loving word had fallen from Ellen's lip, and her tearful eyes could turn away from the object to whom they were addressed, the proud struggle was over; the girl rushed forward and threw herself with sobs of agony into her teacher's arms, covering her hands with kisses, and striving to implore forgiveness. There was one burst of tears throughout the class; and Ellen herself, as she held that stricken young sinner by the hand, was overpowered with wonder, thankfulness, and praise.

Never again did anything but words and looks of obedient affection greet her appearance in that class; and the ringleader of evil took the lead in all improvement. And never again did Ellen need to be reminded that the work was not hers, but God's, and that the *master-key* to the human heart *is love;* for God has used, is using it himself, in the person of his Son; and God is love.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Many of our readers will be glad to hear that at noon on Saturday, the 29th October, the Rev. Alfred Saker, with his family, and the Rev. Q. W. Thomson, landed at Bethel Town, on the Cameroons river. The last part of the voyage was wet and stormy. The bad weather did not permit them to land at Fernando Po; but, notwithstanding, three young couples took advantage of the missionary's

presence, and were married by Mr. Saker on board the steamer. It is pleasant to know that the instructions of the missionaries in former years continue to influence the people. The priests of Rome have sought in vain to convince them that Rome is the true church. The people prefer to follow the teaching of God's Word.

Very heartily indeed were the missionaries welcomed on their arrival. The town was quite in commotion, the people flocking in crowds to see the brethren. But Mr. Saker missed some who, during his absence, have passed away. One in particular is mentioned—a deacon of the church, who for thirteen years has consistently followed the Saviour. His name was Tondi. When he became a convert, he had to give up five or six of his wives. This he did cheerfully, giving them their freedom. His attendance at the daily meetings for prayer was very constant, and he often with great earnestness appealed to those present to love and serve the Saviour. But if the aged are passing away, there are many young people giving indications of their desire to follow Christ. "Only a few days since," says Mr. Robert Smith, "Massie, a curly-headed girl, came into the room weeping, and saying, 'Please, sir, my heart he is too hard; he is wicked too much; what shall I do?'" Such is the spirit of many.

It will be pleasing to our readers to have a few extracts from a letter of the Rev. Q. W. Thomson, in which he describes their reception, and his feelings on entering the field of his labour:—

"Mr. Smith and Mr. Fuller soon came on board and welcomed us most heartily to the old home of Mr. and Mrs. Saker, but to the new one for myself. Mr. Smith overflowed with gladness to see Mr. Saker back again. For many months he and Mr. Fuller have scarcely known how to supply all the stations. The work has been too much for them. But they are thankful to testify that for their special need God has given them special strength."

"From Clarence Cove, Fernando Po, we saw snow very distinctly upon the peak of the Cameroons Mountain. This morning, as we passed close to the mountain, the peak was hidden by a cloud, but we had a clear view of Mount Trestrail. I think I shall like the country here. First impressions, at all events, are favourable. There is no part of the coast which we have passed to be compared to the country round Cameroons."

"The people here have given us a most hearty welcome. Crowds of the natives embraced Mr. and Mrs. Saker immediately they arrived on the beach, and lined the way up to the house, where they have thronged us all the afternoon. How much like home it was to hear the children sing some of our favourite children's hymns, such as, 'Here we suffer grief and pain,' &c., in beautiful harmony."

"You will be glad to hear that Mr. Smith speaks very hopefully of the work here. Some two months ago there was a baptism, and he expects another similar season before long. Depending on the might of God, we may expect, and shall assuredly have, a rich harvest in Africa. How great is Africa's need! On our voyage here we passed immense lengths of coast which represented an almost unrealizable extent of country in the interior, where all is the blackest darkness with regard to the Gospel. Cannot England do more for Africa? If the Gospel is to penetrate to its centre, if missionary fields are to be extended, the missionary societies, or the Christians whom they represent, must be prepared to set before themselves, with something like unquenchable enthusiasm, the speedy evangelization of the whole of Africa. If this is done, and we have the earnest prayer and effort of the churches of England and America for this end, we need not doubt its attainment."

It is certainly a sad reflection, that although missionary stations exist in several places on the West Coast of Africa, and that probably a hundred thousand of its people have become Christians, the vast interior, with its manifold races, is as yet unvisited by the Christian missionary. The faith of Mahommed has for many years been extending its influence over the continent, but Christians have as yet done but little to communicate the knowledge of Christ. May the cry of the perishing come up before the Lord of hosts and be heard!

THE following letter has been received, by the Rev. W. Stokes, from the Rev. I. J. Roberts, of Canton, who, as an American Baptist missionary, has laboured in China for twenty-seven years. It is published in the hope that it may increase the interest of the denomination in the important work of evangelizing that mighty portion of the world's population:—

"Canton, September 17, 1864.

"Dear Brother Stokes,—In hope of interesting your brethren still more in the China Mission, allow me to give the following facts:—The China Mission has made encouraging progress since I arrived, May 1st, 1837. At that time there was no Protestant mission stationed in China, properly so considered; and only five male and two female missionaries found here, all told. Three of these were permitted, rather by sufferance, to stop at Macao, a Catholic settlement, and the other two smuggled themselves away secretly into Canton; but they had no chapel nor public preaching to Chinese at either place. Nor were there any native

converts, excepting Leong Afut, who had like to have lost his head just before I arrived for distributing religious tracts in the city; and perhaps one more, who was immersed by a Baptist at Macao, but who afterwards apostatized. This was the entire Protestant missionary stock at that time, to which the writer added one more adventurer, making two Baptist and four Pædobaptist missionaries in China! But now there are a hundred missionaries, less or more, and ought to be at least twice that number. The capital itself, Pekin, is now occupied, and at least a dozen other principal stations, by foreign missionaries, and double that number, or more, out-stations; thirty churches and societies, less or more, including both Baptists and Pædobaptists, have been organized: and more than two thousand native members recognised as believers in Christ. At Amoy there are 700 native Christians. Two of their churches have native pastors, supported entirely by the native members, who also defray all their incidental expenses, and contribute to aid other stations. These two churches contributed last year for all purposes about one thousand dollars. At Canton there are about 150 native Christians, the chief of them being Baptists. On the main land, connected with the missions at Hongkong, there are about 300 native Christians; at Swatow 30 Baptists; at Foochow about 100; at Ningpo about 450, of whom more than 100 are Baptists; at Shanghai about 300, a goodly portion of whom are Baptists; and at the Northern ports, just open to mission labour, some six or seven churches, numbering some fifteen or twenty members each, have been gathered within the last two or three years. Summing up the whole, the number of native Christians must amount to considerably over two thousand members. This we must acknowledge as a limited amount, for the work of twenty-five years, compared with several other more favoured missions, but for China it is a glorious beginning! And then we should recollect, as a kind of apology for limited success, that we have only had free access even to the first five ports of entry by treaty, since 1844—twenty years; and to the interior a much shorter period than that—say seven years—since the treaty privilege to spread the Gospel, where some of the Protestant missionaries are now labouring, was secured. Hence the last twenty-five years have been only preparatory years, or chiefly so. And still it must be granted that the China Mission has made a fair advancement for the opportunity, at least sufficiently so to encourage others to come and carry on the work we have begun. And now the barriers are removed, the hills levelled, the valleys filled up, and the crooked ways made straight, may we not reasonably anticipate a railroad speed the next twenty-five years, in the shape of twenty-five fold on what we have acquired the last? Say 50,000 converts in the year 1900? I think this only a reasonable expectation, with a reasonable amount of appliances pressing forward the work, and then the prospect opens before us wide and large. Who would not be a missionary when the converts shall be multiplied as the dewdrops of the morning, without stint or termination!

"Yours very truly,
"I. J. ROBERTS."

THE BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

THE Rev. C. J. Middleditch having received an invitation to the pastoral office from the church at Blockley, Worcestershire, and being inclined to comply with the request, not only from preference for stated ministerial service, but also because the pressure of duties in the office of secretary had become too great for him to sustain with comfort, submitted the matter to the committee at their meeting on the first of November. A sub-committee was then appointed to confer with him thereon, in order to ascertain if any arrangement could be made by which to secure his continuance in office. After conference with the brethren so appointed, Mr. Middleditch still felt that, while most gratefully acknowledging the kindness of the committee in the proposals made, he could not continue to discharge the duties of the office with satisfaction to himself without a measure of exertion beyond what the state of his health would warrant. He therefore addressed the following letter to the committee, which was read at a meeting specially summoned to receive his decision:—

"To the Treasurer and Committee of the Baptist Irish Society.

"November 15th, 1864.

"Dear Brethren,—I beg leave respectfully to present my resignation of the office of secretary to the Society whose affairs you conduct, and trust that you will be able to make arrangements for me to retire at Christmas next.

"In tendering my resignation, I have most thankfully to acknowledge the kind co-operation with which I have been favoured during the eight years it has been my honour to be associated with you. From the committee in general, and the treasurer especially, I have received such generous and constant support, that I shall ever look back on those years with sincerest pleasure and gratitude.

"It is to this kind co-operation that I have chiefly to ascribe the success with which the Society has not only grappled with its numerous and varied difficulties, but has also very considerably enlarged its operations in Ireland.

"In retiring from office, I feel assured that you will unite with me in acknowledging the divine blessing, through which the amount of ministerial agency employed in Ireland has been greatly increased, several new churches have been planted, and many

hundreds of persons have been received into Christian fellowship.

"These considerations, together with the hope of still further progress, would have induced me still to remain associated with you in this important mission.

"The state of my health, however, requires that I should withdraw from a post, the labours and responsibilities of which have already several times occasioned me severe and protracted affliction; and which, not only in my own opinion, but also in the judgment of others, and especially of my medical adviser, would almost certainly be again followed by similar results.

"Be assured, dear sirs, that I am not insensible to the kindness with which you have temporarily relieved me from a portion of my duties, and with which the sub-committee appointed by you agreed to recommend that that relief should be made permanent.

"I could not, however, consent to remain permanently in an office the duties of which I was not able fully to discharge. And, moreover, the relief so kindly proposed would necessarily involve an increase of home expenditure that might possibly call forth expressions of feeling that would prevent me working on with confidence and pleasure. Thankful as I feel for the kindness with which those proposals have been made, I am, therefore, constrained respectfully, though reluctantly, to decline them.

"In entering on a more retired sphere of labour, which the providence of God has unexpectedly opened before me, I hope to be favoured with your continued kindly sympathy and prayers; and be assured, dear brethren, that Ireland and the Baptist Irish Society will always command my most heartfelt regard.

"With sincerest esteem, I am, dear brethren,

"Your greatly obliged and affectionate fellow-labourer, C. J. MIDDLEDITCH."

The above letter having been read, it was resolved unanimously:—

"That in reluctantly accepting Mr. Middleditch's resignation, rendered necessary by the condition of his health, the committee record with grateful pleasure and satisfaction their sense of the zeal, faithfulness, urbanity, and success, with which he has discharged the duties of the secretary's office from the time of his appointment. They assure him of their high respect and cordial esteem; of their earnest desire that his retirement from office may issue in the re-establishment of his health and vigour; and of their fervent prayer that it may please God to spare him for long and useful labour in his cause."

The committee have adopted measures for the discharge of the secretary's duties till the next annual meeting. They are glad to announce that the Rev. F. Trestrail has kindly acceded to their request—to take charge of the Society's affairs till then.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

MR. ONCKEN'S MISSION TO THE IMPERIAL COURT OF RUSSIA.—Most of our readers have heard that Mr. Oncken, of Hamburg, has just been to St. Petersburg, with a view to plead—before the Emperor, if he might obtain admission to his presence—the cause of the persecuted Baptists in Russia. The following letter, from Mr. Oncken, has just been received, written December 12th, and dated from Memel, on the frontier of Courland, where he was staying on his return journey from St. Petersburg:—

"Your favour of the 29th November came only to hand on my arrival here on the 9th December, and I now hasten to comply with your wish to give you a full account of our mission to Russia. I left Hamburg on the 12th October, commended to God by many fervent prayers of the church. From Berlin brother G. W. Lehmann accompanied me to Memel, to aid me in settling some matters in the church in that place. I left Memel on the 25th October, *vid* Tilsit, Kowno, for St. Petersburg, per steamer, accompanied by brother Niemetz. We were hospitably entertained for a night by brethren at Tilsit, where late at night we met a little band of disciples, to whom we expounded the word of the Lord, and with whom we joined in worshipping our risen Lord. I should observe here that I took brother Niemetz, pastor of the church at Memel, with me, because the converts in Courland are all themselves of the church under his care, so that he is perfectly acquainted with the movement from its very origin, to which we anticipated frequent references would be made by the advisers of the Emperor, whom we expected to see on our arrival at St. Petersburg. We reached the Russian frontiers at Kowno on the 27th. The journey to this place was very tedious and unpleasant, as the steamer which conveyed us was both very small and very dirty, without any accommodation. Besides this it was crowded with Jews and Gentiles in the most dilapidated condition. We were, however, amply compensated for the little self-denial we had subjected ourselves to by taking this cheaper route instead of taking the train at Konigs-

berg. The Lord had graciously assigned work for us among the passengers on board. Brother Niemetz supplied not only a considerable number of deck passengers with excellent tracts, but in our little miserable cabin we were permitted to make known a free and full salvation, through faith in Christ, to a highly interesting Jewish merchant and a young lady, a nominal Lutheran, from Kowno. Both listened with profound attention, and we found that our labour among the troops engaged in the war with Denmark had, in their effects, reached as far as Kowno, in Russia, inasmuch as this young lady had received one of the tracts circulated in the army by one of our colporteurs, the contents of which had evidently made deep impressions on her mind.

"On our arrival at Kowno we were surrounded by a swarm of dirty Jews in tattered garments, offering to carry us in their wretched droskies to the railway station. After bargaining for a long time we found ourselves on the way to the station, and when within a stone's throw our drivers told us (for we had to take two droskies, being so exceedingly small) that we would have to drive back to the station to present ourselves at the police office. We had, therefore, no option but to pay another fare back to Kowno. On reaching the police office at four o'clock, we were told that everybody was then asleep, and that there would be nobody in attendance till six o'clock; we had, therefore, to wait two long hours. We stepped, therefore, into a café, when brother Niemetz remembered the name of a carpenter who had been reported to him as seeking after the truth. After some inquiry we found the man and his wife, who both received us with great cordiality. From them we learned that a sister from the church at Memel was on board her husband's barge in the harbour. A messenger was forthwith despatched to inform the above sister of our arrival, and in less than half an hour we had the pleasure of greeting her. We enjoyed then some precious moments together in reading and expounding the word of the Lord, and joining in prayer at a throne of grace. Finally we found the police office open, but on our entrance three gentlemen, instead of attending to their business, were seated round a card-table with a pack of cards in their hands; they took no notice of us, but proceeded as if gambling had been their official calling; when after a little while the superior stepped in, and, seeing the occupation of these three gentlemen, he snatched the cards out of their hands and threw them down, uttering oaths in a loud voice in Russ, which I did not understand. After one of the card-players had examined my passport very leisurely for some time, he said, 'You must have a Government (meaning a Russian) passport.' This, however, I denied, and when he demanded the reason, I replied, 'Because, in the first place, I *need not* take a Russian passport; secondly, I *will not*; and thirdly, if you make any difficulties I shall apply to the American ambassador to see after this matter.' The official was then as quiet as a mouse, gave me the visa, for which I paid, and after having secured two other signatures, and as many more Russian eagles, for all of which, of course, we had to pay, we proceeded to another police office in another part of the town, where two additional signatures and eagles were added, so that we had five signatures and as many eagles on our passport at Kowno.

"At ten o'clock in the evening we finally left Kowno, by rail, for St. Petersburg, and after a very cold night, and a dreary, cold day, and passing through a dreary, thinly-inhabited country, we reached the imperial capital. At the station a dear brother (Plonus) awaited us, which was a great comfort to us, as we were soon beset by at least a dozen drivers of sleighs and droskies, offering their services and trying to tear our bags from our grasp. Brother Plonus, however, understood the native languages, and delivered us out of our difficulty, and in less than half an hour we were in comfortable quarters at brother Plonus's lodgings. We had been hardly seated to take tea, when in the adjoining room we had a tangible proof of the fact that Russian coldness and want of music had not been able to destroy or even impair the passion of the German mind for singing; eight or ten voices joined in sweet harmony, sung some verses of No. 197 in the *Glaubensstimme*:—

'Die gnade sei mit Allen,
Die Gnade unseres Herrn.'

'Grace be with you all,
The grace of our Lord,' &c.

"Our spirits were greatly refreshed by these proofs of love from kindred spirits, and after a little we saw both brethren and sisters in the Lord, and being heartily welcomed by them, 'we took courage.'

"Lord's day, 30th of October.—Brother Niemetz conducted the service at our lodgings in the morning, and I in the evening. At the evening service we had a few strangers besides the Baptist brethren and the candidates for baptism. We enjoyed a sweet day of rest in communion with our risen Lord, and with a number of his children.

"31st October. Visited Brother Hoskins, pastor of the American Independent Church, who invited me to give an address at their evening service on Wednesday, November 2nd. During the day I made several calls on English merchants and the American ambassador, the Hon. General Cassius Clay, who gave me a cordial reception and a letter of introduction to the ministers for home affairs. In the evening I met a highly-interesting assembly of Christians from different classes of society, among them gentlemen sustaining high offices under the government, members of the Lutheran, the German, and Dutch Reformed Churches, the English Independent, and even the National Greek Church. We met with a fraternal reception from all, and I was requested to conduct the religious services for the evening. Upwards of thirty persons were present. The members of this

truly evangelical Alliance meet, too, in their private dwellings every Monday evening, for united prayer for the Lord's blessing on the spread of the Gospel, reading the Scriptures and missionary intelligence, after which a collection is made for missionary objects. The services last fully an hour and a half, after which most of the brethren and the sisters remain to tea. During our five weeks' stay at St. Petersburg we were cordially invited to all these services, and I was on every occasion requested to conduct the services and to give an address. A number of ladies also attended; and on one occasion, at the conclusion of the services, I was closely questioned by them on the subject of baptism and the organization of our churches, which led to an animated discussion.

"Our connexion with these dear Christians has been to ourselves a source of the richest spiritual enjoyment, and will prove, I trust, the divinely-appointed instrumentality by which much of the odium which by the clergy of all State Churches on the Continent is unjustly cast upon us, as being narrow-minded bigots, will be repudiated, at least in Russia. If we had achieved nothing else through our mission to St. Petersburg than the opportunity of preaching the pure, unconditional Gospel among these brethren, and forming a band of holy union among them, our efforts would be amply compensated.

"We also learnt from a number of these brethren that some of their band united with several believers in the Russian National Greek Church for the purpose of circulating the new translation of the New Testament in the Russian tongue, and that their efforts are crowned with the most encouraging success. Illness prevented me from attending one of their committee meetings to which I had been invited. Upwards of 200,000 copies of the New Testament have been sold since the present Empress has given the impulse to this glorious work.

"From the 4th to the 11th Nov. we were in daily attendance on Count Seirens, the president of the Ministry for the Interior; but it was not till the latter date that we succeeded in obtaining an audience. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon. The reception was frank and open, and we were requested to be seated. We had just commenced our conversation, when the vice-president of the same ministry entered and took a seat. Both these gentlemen are by birth Russian nobles and members of the National Church. Count Seirens opened the conversation by saying, 'Gentlemen, there is only one difficulty in the way of your sect being acknowledged, and that is, that you are making proselytes, which is not allowed in Russia. Everybody can believe here what they like, and worship God in accordance with their faith (creed), but proselytizing is strictly prohibited.' He then complained of the secret meetings which had been held in Curlow, and that the people who had joined us there would give no reason for having done so. After Brother Niemetz had refuted these charges, and referred to the imperial ukase of August 8th, 1863, in which the religious meetings had been represented as not illegal by the Imperial senate, I followed him by replying to the charge of proselytizing. I said: 'Your excellency, everything depends on what you understand by proselytizing; if the charge brought against us means that our primary object is to put people under water, we repudiate the charge. We Baptists give to baptism a different place in theology from almost all other sects. We do not hold that it is necessary to get to heaven: we believe it has no connection with it; and if a person came to me wishing to be baptized in order to get to heaven, I would not comply with such a request. We hold that simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and his finished work saves the soul; and we believe that God has called us to preach this great truth among the millions throughout Europe who have rejected all revealed truth, and who form a most dangerous element to all good governments. Our primary object is, therefore, to win souls to Christ. Thousands who have been thus won have not joined our community; that, however, some should join us, and that these are welcomed by us, is a matter of course.' I then proceeded to give a brief sketch of our missionary labours generally, and what we had done, especially during the last war between Germany and Denmark. To this both gentlemen listened with apparent interest, and it appeared to me that more than once the eyes of the Count began to moisten. I then defended the Baptists from the charge of ignorance, and said it was well known that no other denomination was better versed in the Scriptures than the Baptists, and that it was proverbial that we have always a string of passages at our fingers' ends. I then pointed to the sad effects of forcing men to adopt religious creeds against their convictions, and closed by stating that I was as certain religious liberty would prevail in Russia as I was of my existence, and that the free development of our denomination would prove a rich blessing to this country; and closed finally by rather a bold assertion, that, should the Imperial government attempt to put the movement in Poland and Russia down by force, they would find it a severe task to extinguish a purely religious movement. This was, however, prefaced by a few words, assuring the Count that what I was about to say was not for want of the highest veneration, either for his Imperial Majesty or his high advisers—for the Bible which taught us to acknowledge no king over our conscience but Christ, taught us at the same time to honour and obey the Powers that be."

At this point Mr. Oncken's narrative breaks off abruptly, in consequence of an attack of illness which confined him for some days to his bed. We are informed, however, that he was obliged to leave St. Petersburg *without* being able to obtain an interview with the Emperor. Further particulars we hope to be able to furnish in another number.